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AND

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Journal of a Passage from the Pacific to the Atlantic, crossing the Andes in the Northern Provinces of Peru, and descending the River Marañon, or Amazon.* By H. Lister Maw. Lieut. R.N. 8vo. pp. 486. London, 1829. J. Murray.

WHEN we look upon the great globe which we inhabit, and ponder over its form and features, there is no part of the stupendous structure that more attracts our interest and excites our admiration, than those mighty streams which, like veins and arteries, pervade its surface, and carry life, motion, and fertility, throughout the system. To have followed the course of the largest of these prodigious veins that circulate over our earth, is indeed a memorable achievement; and we rejoice that it has first been accomplished by an officer of the British navy. It is worthy of the profession and of the country to which he belongs!

The wonderful confluence of waters\* thus explored, need we remind our readers, traverses the broadest region of South America, from the Peruvian Andes to the Atlantic, where, after a winding career of from four to five thousand miles,† it pours its flood into the ocean, by a mouth of a hundred and eighty miles in width, and in such a mass, that the salt-sea brine is displaced to the distance of four hundred miles!! We have now to trace this splendid enterprise.

Towards the close of 1827, Lieut. Maw, being at Lima, on the eve of returning to England, resolved on taking the route across Peru and down the Marañon, to examine these imperfectly known regions, and to supply that information respecting the interior, so much desired for the purposes of commerce and the advancement of science. We pass over the preliminary steps and preparations. From Lima he went to Truxillo, (where a Mr. Hinde joined him in the adventure), and thence to Chicama, and ascended the Andes towards Cascas. Surmounting the first and second Cordilleras, (by Cazamarca and Selendin), our travellers saw the Marañon pursuing its path between the mountain ridges, from its parent lake at Huanuco, and crossed it at Balsas. They then climbed the third Cordillera, stopped at Chachapaya, Toulén, Moyobamba, and thence finally journeyed five days on foot to Balsas Puerto, where, on the 15th of January, 1828, they embarked in two canoes, and paddled down the river Cachi Yaco, which runs into the Guallaga, which, again, bears the voyager into the Marañon, near Ourarinas, not far below where it becomes navigable. The journal hitherto occupies 165 pages of the volume. The junction of other rivers with that moving sea on which they were now floating; the Ucayali, Madeira, Tapajos, Xingu, Tocantins, &c. from the south; the Japura, Negro, &c.

from the north, furnish topics of much interest, as progress is made to the final port of Para. Before leaving Peru, we learn with sorrow that the upper portion of the westernmost branch of the Marañon has been sadly oppressed.

"It is, (says Mr. Maw), I believe, but too well ascertained, that the Spaniards, having driven the Indians from this and other agricultural districts to work in the mines, reduced the population of Peru from about ten millions, which it is supposed to have been at the time of the conquest, to its present estimate of two millions."

The earliest view of the river, from the top of the second Cordillera, also deserves quotation.

"We reached the top of the rugged ridge a little before sunset; and it was from this point we first got sight of the Marañon. I cannot conceive that any thing on earth or water could exceed the grandeur of the scenery, nor do I believe any person capable of describing it justly. The rain was clearing off, whilst a perfect and brilliant rainbow was extended across the river, which, about sixty yards in breadth, rushed between mountains whose summits, on both sides, were hid in the clouds, on which the extremes of the rainbow rested."

This is picturesque. The author continues: "The Marañon is not navigable in this part. A little above the ferry it descends over a sloping bed of large gravel; and at a short distance below, it is said to be fordable on horseback. Further down, there are reported to be cataracts. The valley is extremely narrow in some parts, barely affording sufficient breadth for the river. Abreast the ferry there are small banks, on which the most luxuriant verdure is produced. A variety of fruits are raised in great perfection, with plantains of a remarkable size."

From this point (Mr. M. observes, at the conclusion of his long journey) "we, step by step, receded from the light of civilisation, passing towards people little advanced from a state of savage wildness; amongst whom the utensils they needed, or the ornaments they admired, were received in payment for natural productions, or for personal services—whose vices were those only of savages. Continuing our route, we reached marks of—not European civilisation—but of European demoralisation. The uneducated, unenlightened branco, finding himself unchecked by those laws and authorities that existed in the country he has left—finding himself amongst a people inferior to his countrymen, and not comprehending the advantage or necessity of restraining his inclinations, assumes arbitrary power, and commits uncontrolled enormities; whilst the unfortunate wretches amongst whom he fixes, suffer from his tyranny, and acquire his vices. It is perhaps not possible to behold human nature more degraded; and with just retribution the evil recoils on the offender, if not in his own time, in that of his descendants,

who, following his example, either compel the Indians to fly from oppression, or destroy them by its effects. Slowly, and with difficulty, we passed through this state of things, until we again met with a general commerce, which, in such cases, may be said 'to bring healing on its wings,' by importing true civilisation, and proving the necessity of just laws, and well-regulated authority. Returning to the figure of light, it can scarcely be conceived the glare that bursts forth on first arriving in a highly civilised country, after being long immersed in so deep a gloom; indeed, on being beheld, it can scarcely be comprehended. What a population of brancos, few of whom are not superior to the lords of the land passed through! What buildings—what wealth—what power—what an excessive cultivation, and what an extraordinary value of the soil!—the price of districts being incalculable, which in the country left might have been had by occupation. \* \* \*

"On the river, Fahrenheit's thermometer stood at eighty degrees nearly the whole way down. The climate became more moist as we entered Brazil, and was excessively damp at Para, but it was the rainy season. Respecting the source of the Marañon, or as to which branch is best entitled to be considered the head of the river, different opinions have existed and have been vehemently opposed to each other. I do not, however, conceive that the branch which bears the name of Marañon, and continues the furthest in an east and west direction, is, as it has been sometimes represented, much inferior to the Ucayali. Taking the junction of the two rivers as a centre from which to measure, I think it probable that the western branch will be found the most considerable at the greater distance, although some of the small streams that form the Ucayali exceed it in extreme length: moreover, the Ucayali and other branches appear rather to be formed by a collection of streams, whilst the Marañon flows throughout from between the Cordilleras as a main channel. These remarks, of course, do not affect the communication with Lima, some of the streams that form the Ucayali flowing more immediately from the direction of that city. On the passage, I inquired what was the meaning of the name Marañon, and was told that it was a compound word, signifying 'not the sea.'"

But that we may, obeying in criticism the law of nature, go regularly with the stream to the main, we shall replace ourselves at the upper region of the Andes, and descend with our author from Balsas Puerto, noting, as examples of his journal, the most curious particulars which have struck us on the way. At Toulén, Mr. Maw relates:

"Mr. Hinde mentioned to me a curious anecdote, with which he had become acquainted respecting the watch-dogs. It was, that these dogs, when young, are taught to suck the flock to which they are afterwards to belong as guardians; and being brought up in this manner, when grown to full size, they continue to attend the flocks; going out with them in the

\* It is computed that about two hundred rivers contribute to swell the Amazon on its way.  
† Probably in length a fifth of the earth's circumference. The author descended about 3000 miles.

morning, remaining during the day, and bringing them home in the evening, without the necessity of herdsman. He said also, that some English spaniels had been sent out to the British merchants resident in Truxillo; and being much admired, puppies were distributed as presents to some of the principal natives; amongst others, one was given to the prefect, who, being desirous that it should be trained in a particular manner, and become attached to him and his people, sent it up to his 'hacienda' (estate). When full grown, it was brought down to Truxillo, but it did not remain long in the city before it began to find out that the British residents were its countrymen, and, in common with other puppies that had been similarly distributed, deserted its master, to seek quarters in the merchants' houses. Mr. Hinde said, that these dogs would even know an Englishman in the street, and join company, when walking, to the annoyance of their masters. It certainly was the case that, when I arrived at Truxillo, the mother spaniel thought proper to acknowledge me as a countryman, in a manner that was not agreeable, inasmuch as, from her lying constantly at my feet, numerous fleas, with which the coast of Peru naturally abounds, migrated from her fur to my clothes. A peculiarity of the South American, at least the Peruvian dogs, is, that they generally attack in packs of two or three together. Their manner of biting also is different from other dogs. If an unfortunate stranger (dog) makes his appearance, the packs of two or three neighbouring ranchos will unite, and the visitor comes badly off. Individually they are not powerful, but from their offensive alliances, it is not altogether agreeable going near the ranchos unarmed after dark. Mr. Hinde was nearly suffering on one occasion. The Toulou dogs were so poor that their bones might almost be counted through their skins. Yet their tastes and appetites were so accommodating, that there were few things they would not eat,—for instance beans, such as are given to horses."

The overland, montana, travelling is described as full of inconveniences and perils; but these have frequently been told by South American adventurers; and we are at Moyobamba, where, says Mr. M., "we dined with the intendente, when we learnt that neither Mons. Du Bayle nor ourselves were the first European visitors to Moyobamba. An English, at least a British, sailor, named Michael Ramsay, or, as he was there called, 'Miguel Ramos,' had by some means found his way there from the coast, and had displayed his salt-water manoeuvres to such effect, that the Moyobambians appeared somewhat at a loss whether to be most surprised, amused, or afraid of him. He had married, and remained for some time, until, getting tired, he went off and left his wife. On the whole, he had not produced a favourable impression on the minds of the natives. We occasionally heard of this man afterwards, where he had made his appearance in an extraordinary manner. A padre, who had seen him, told us that he, the padre, had asked him why he did not work, as he was very strong. His answer was, No; he liked to order better."

What a savage!! Nobody exists of such a disposition in England, or other civilised countries?

On the Cachi Yaco, the first tributary river which received our countrymen, we have a good picture of the natives.

"The manner of building the ranchos at Balsa Puerto is entirely different from that of

the coast. With the exception of the church, and the governor's and curate's houses, which were plastered, and the latter divided into apartments, the ranchos of Balsa Puerto consist each of a single room, from twenty to thirty yards long, and about a third of the length in breadth. The sides are made of small bamboos, six or seven feet long, placed vertically, and close together; but, from their inequalities, admitting light and air. The roofs are made of the leaves or branches of palms, the leaves on one side of the stem being turned back, so as to make them double. \* \* \*

The roofs are supported by piles driven into the ground, with poles lashed to them, and sloping upwards, so that the ranchos are some of them twenty or thirty feet high in the middle part of the roof, whilst the sides are not more than six or seven. The roofs require renewing every three or four years, and are not entirely water-proof during heavy rain. There are no windows, the inequalities of the bamboos that form the walls admitting sufficient light and air. The doors are made of bamboos tied together, instead of being fixed into the ground. These ranchos have a neat appearance outside; and the interior of those we looked into was clean. They contain little furniture beyond a few cooking utensils and straw hammocks; and four or five married couples live in each rancho. We followed a path a short distance beyond the pueblo, and found the country was not entirely covered with wood. Some cattle, which we afterwards understood to belong to the former governor, were feeding, and were in fine condition. Being near sunset, we met several Indians returning from their chacras. The men had their pucunas (tubes for shooting poisoned arrows) in their hands, and netted bags filled with fruit, &c., slung across their backs. Most of them had also different-coloured feathers, red and yellow, suspended from their necks. The women carried cargoes that appeared to be heavier than the bags and pucunas of the men. Both sexes had their faces and various parts of their bodies stained with red and purple dyes; which, added to their figures not being good, their dark complexion, and the long black hair of the men, as well as women, gave them a barbarous appearance; but they were peaceable in their manners, and most of them saluted us as we passed. \* \* \*

"Sunday being here kept as a day of suspension from duty, the Indians were all painted in their best style, dressed in clean white or blue frocks and trowsers, and their hair ornamented with a few red and yellow feathers tied to tails behind. They collected at an early hour, and went quietly and respectfully to the church, where they remained about half an hour, although there was no clergyman to officiate. Having returned in a similar manner, the day's amusements commenced, the most favourite of which appeared to be dancing to the music of drums and fifes made of bones; whilst they occasionally partook freely of chewed yucachicha. The dyes with which they stained themselves were evidently considered first-rate ornaments: some had red stripes or diamonds on their forehead; others a red stripe downwards under each eye; and several were rouged; a purple dye was applied as a substitute for whiskers, beards, and mustachios; whilst some of the females had supplied themselves with boots of the same material. A tall, stout deputy of the curaca's, who appeared to be considered one of the most fashionable of the party, had a red stripe under

each eye, and red or yellow feathers in his hair. There were several deputies to the curaca, their badge of office being a small supple stick, with which they inflict punishment on their fellow Indians whenever the curaca deems it necessary. The deputies did not consider it beneath their dignity to join in the general amusements; but, on the contrary, were the musicians, going about from rancho to rancho playing most cheerfully, until towards the evening, when the chicha produced an effect, and several, not excepting females, were intoxicated. \* \* \* On Monday morning all the women of the pueblo mustered in the plaza to know what work they were to perform,—there being a law which obliges them to labour for a certain time during the first three days of each week, in keeping the pueblo clean, or otherwise, as the governor may direct. We were employed during the day in airing such of our clothes, &c., as had been damaged by the Indians in wading, and in endeavouring to get an account of some seeds I had picked up on the walk from Moyobamba. We found the natives far from intelligent; several of the seeds were not known; and although the district we had passed through abounded with the trees from which cascarilla is produced, I had not been able to learn which was it. \* \* \*

"Early on the 15th we went to the governor's house, when I got from him what information I could relative to the productions of the country, and bought a few specimens, with some provisions for our passage: amongst the latter were some dried monkeys, recommended for our own private stock, they being considered greater delicacies than the dried wild boars, with which we were to feed the Indians."

Thus provisioned, they embarked with seven Indians in their two canoes, each about 20 feet long, and protected by palm-thatched awnings, under which they could sit upright. But we must remain at anchor for a whole week.

*The Brunswick: a Poem. In Three Cantos. 8vo. pp. 108. London, 1829. W. Marsh.*

"I AM quite pleased with the resemblance between my two niggers Caesar and Pompey (said a Virginian planter), they are so very like each other—'specially Pompey'!—and so may we express ourselves in compliment to our present author, he is so 'specially like Byron. Indeed, there is so much of talent in his poem, that though perhaps he never would have written it had not his noble prototype written Juan, we cannot find in our hearts to give it the depreciating name of an imitation. On the contrary, in spite of its taking up one of the most untoward subjects which could, we think, have been chosen—the catastrophe of the Brunswick Theatre—it is a very happy exhibition both of the comic and the philosophic that characterises the order to which it belongs. The playful touch alternates with the acute and sarcastic remark; or the pathetic, not carried too far, blends gently into the terse reflection and sometimes ludicrous picture of affected sentiment. Being thus impressed with a high opinion of the author's capabilities, we trust he will receive that encouragement which will lead him on to apply them to a long course of successful writing, and to the choice of better themes. In the meantime we shall lend him a page to make his present merits known. The Brunswick, we are told—

"— was reared amidst a world of cares,  
Where all unsightly things the ways were stopping;  
It stood 'midst warehouses, and wharfs, and wars,  
'Midst scenes of trading, trafficking, and shopping,

Haunts which the river with the city shares,  
A dingy land, half Birmingham, half Wapping,  
Quite out of Pleasure's way, you would suppose,—  
But she into strange holes and corners goes.

There was a general fear  
Lest fire should lay this ill-star'd building low;  
And so all arts were tried the house to clear,  
And patent pipes sent water from below;  
And it might seem perhaps a little queer,  
(If any thing in this world could seem so),  
That they should aim their efforts one and all  
Against a fire, but none against a fall.

We shun one evil while another kills:  
None saw the danger of the coming morn.  
And oh! how Destiny, as she fulfils  
The fates of men, must laugh their ways to scorn,  
Seeing them guard against all other ills,  
All save th' appointed one to which they're born;  
While that, fast held within her mighty grasp,  
They ne'er elude, but almost seem to clasp!

Its opening.

"The evening came—all ev'nings will at last,  
If you'll but wait—a fact which they should know—  
Whose young hearts bent on pleasure beat too fast,—  
And being come, they will as surely go.  
The parts were ready, just as they were cast,  
The house was crowded to an overflow,  
The lamps shone dimly on the dimly lighted floor,  
Tinkled the bell, and up the curtain flew!  
And the stage-manager poured forth his strain  
Of admiration (a whole hecatomb),  
Love, and respect, and honour, such as men  
Must feel for some two thousand others, whom  
They never saw before, or may again,  
Wishing a thousand years might be their doom,  
And hoping they should only please to see,  
And patronise the Brunswick all the while;  
And promising them his perpetual care  
To study objects worthy of their taste—  
Their taste! the thing with which that compound rare  
A British public is supremely graced.  
So much so they quite breathe it like their air.  
Wishing all this, while in his reach were placed  
But two small days—a thing to make one ponder  
On human wishes—but I must not wander."

The next day's rehearsal.

"One moment, and you might have witnessed here  
Music and mirth, and all the charms they gave;  
Another changed and checked that bright career,  
And shrieks were heard, but there was none to save;  
All was despair—they had no time for fear,  
With but one step from pleasure to the grave.  
Death was above them, round them, and beneath,  
And all they felt, and heard, and saw, was death.  
So fares it with the projects of this earth;  
Yea bring to pass—an instant may destroy.  
With trembling, anxious hearts we watch their birth,  
And while hope glittering glids the beauteous toy,  
E'en in the moment when we count its worth,  
Comes the dread fiend that mocks at human joy,  
And stamps at once his sport as well as spoil,  
Man and his work, the toiler and the toll!"

The fall brings on a recollection of the burning of old Drury, when—

"For many a league—the season (midnight) heightened  
The horror that was everywhere installed,  
And gentle ladies on that night were frightened,  
And found their maids (by courtesy so called)  
With faces pale as if they had been whitened,  
Preparing for that final blaze and scald  
Which will be—here without a moment's warning—  
And wont be—in the papers the next morning."

There are some fine reflections on favourite actors who have passed away—

"Truly it's  
A sad thing to remember in one's day  
Some five-and-twenty Romances and Julies;  
And all their stabbings, swearing, poisoning, loving,  
Seen for the hundredth time, is far less moving.  
Another thought, too, in that brilliant sphere  
Will sometimes operate our mirth to mar—  
To see how changed from many a former year,  
When they and we were younger than we are,  
The first companions of our lives appear—  
It gives one's pleasant thoughts a frightful jar;  
An early friend whose eye has lost its glimmer,  
Reminds us that our own are somewhat dimmer.

Beside some mansion tottering to its fall,  
That once bore witness to their ancient ways,  
Or by some ruined arch or crumbling wall,  
We seem to see the actors of past days;  
While mellowing distance throws her dim gray pall  
O'er all their doubtful deeds of blame or praise,  
And almost consecrates the very crimes,  
Whose action bears the stamp of other times.  
The past! What is it on this peopled earth  
That makes us dwell so fondly on the past?  
Man sees the future, like a mine of worth,  
Unfold in treasures beautiful and vast,  
And scarce the present joy survives its birth,  
Lost in the future which those visions cast;

But wherefore with such deep emotion pore  
On men and scenes that shall return no more?

'Tis for that self-same reason that we gaze  
So fondly, that they never shall return;  
They had their past and future, nights and days,  
Cares to feel, hopes to cherish, griefs to mourn;  
They wandered, as we wander, through the maze  
Of man's existence to his final bourn;  
And we, exalted thus, petty, paltry breath,  
From the same life shall sink to the same death—  
Leaving of our existence scarce a trace."

The foregoing extracts are from the first  
canto of only sixty-nine stanzas, and, we trust,  
fully justify our praise of the author:—but we  
proceed to further proof, only apologising for  
its want of connexion, as we do not think it  
necessary to follow the narrative.

"The 'good old people' of the 'good old days,'  
Who hail us henceforth with warmest praise,  
But lavish on the past their plenteous praise,  
Ascribed it to the march of Intellect:  
'If such new-fangled structures you will raise,  
They must come down, what else can you expect?—  
On your own heads,' said Bigot, 'be the blame!'  
And he was right—for on their heads it came.  
Some people on the architect cried shame—  
Some on the managers their strictures passed—  
Some 'gainst the public folly did exclaim,  
For hurrying there with such an eager haste.  
Whom misery befalls men always blame  
In this strange world in which our lot is cast:  
The cup of woe, when once begun, soon fills—  
Misfortune is a magnet to all ills.

The days we live in, are they not the date  
Of steam, and gas, and tunnels? though the first  
Leads sometimes to a fire-and-water fate,  
The next explodes, the last are apt to burst;  
Likewise of stomach-pumps, which, when you're ate  
And drank, restore your hunger and your thirst?  
Whereby, in fact, you eat and drink for ever,  
Which must extremely tantalise the liver.

Have we not been long since a ruin'd nation?

First by the war, which laid the taxes on;  
Then by the peace, our trade's annihilation;  
Then by the paper currency, since gone;  
Then by the mines and mining speculation!  
Then by the panic, which produced a run  
Upon our banks; and now, to quench all hope,  
Are we not being ruin'd by the Pope?

Yet, after all this ruin, here we are,  
A jolly, thriving, paying, grumbling people;  
The tide of wealth still flows through Temple Bar,  
The joyous bells ring out from many a steeple,  
Exulting Pleasure sits in Fashion's car;  
And if at times our debts should make us sleep ill,  
We pay a part; and, having done our best,  
Like our good government, we owe the rest.  
Such are the wonders of our age and clime,  
Surpassing all the ancients ever knew;  
But then the people of the olden time  
In miracles the moderns much outdo;  
And strange it seems (I wish 'twould also rhyme),  
That while some certain volumes, old and new,  
Contain of miracles some thousand entries,  
We should not have had one in eighteen centuries.

The Brunswick!—ay, the Brunswick!—we were there;  
No, we were not—we are much better here;  
But we were there in the mind's eye to stare  
With horror at the rude untimely bier  
Of men who little dream'd how they should fare  
That morn'—'twas strange—but now without a fear,  
Now dead!—And yet compare this mode of dying  
With lingering long on splendid couches lying.

What thought attendants, when you groan'd or cough'd  
on,  
Were near to smooth the pillow where you lay,  
With all appliances your fate to soften,  
Kind looks that can do all but pain allay;  
Physicians calling in, God knows how often!  
To take their fee, look solemn, and away!—  
And then to die after six months in bed,  
I'd rather have the Brunswick on my head.

One good in dying thus we may discover,  
That people may repent—but then they won't;  
They still keep hoping that they shall recover,  
And put it off until they find they don't;  
And thus they trifle on till all is over:  
It grieves me much, and I've thought much upon 't:  
But 'while there's life there's hope,' 'tis an old sentence,  
And while there's hope there's not much repentance."

The crowd comes—

"And first the gen'l impulse was to save—  
In human breasts that impulse is the strongest;  
Of all the sympathies which Nature gave,  
'Tis that which earliest wakes and lasts the longest.  
All enmities are buried in the grave,  
And filly!—if thou doubt'st it, thou wrong'st  
Our nature, which can pity, injure, hate,  
But ne'er 'gainst man makes common cause with Fate."

Canto III, commences thus:

"Hope still deceived is still before our eyes,  
Queen of the sanguine heart and youthful brain;  
Her visions fade—the bids new visions rise—  
On, on they come, still beauteous and still vain,  
Dancing and sparkling with a thousand dyes,  
Till Memory adds them to her motley train;  
Like brightest streams ordain'd their course to take,  
Till swallow'd in the mass of some dull lake.  
Eternal charm of Hope! behold her bliss  
Each man according to his different part;  
Warriors with glory, lovers with success,  
The artist with the puerion of his art,  
All with their pictur'd forms of happiness:  
Oh! who would break the bubble to man's heart,  
Light though it were, and thin as airy dream,  
That bears him along life's hurrying stream?  
And there, ev'n there, that dreary dome within,  
'Mid relatives with breaking hearts, who came  
To seek their bleeding and their mangled kin—  
If they but found one spark of vital flame,  
The light of Hope broke in upon the scene—  
She was at hand her wond'rous pow'r to claim—  
O'erleapt the present, whisp'rd health and home,  
And peaceful days and happiness to come.

Now was the saddest task of all the day,

The wounded from the dead to separate;  
Those o'er whose features life yet seem'd to play,  
From those that had no more to fear from fate;  
And men were marshall'd forth to bear away  
Upon their shoulders that disastrous weight."

Dilating on our humanity, a digression upon  
our other national characteristics relieves the  
sad spectacle.

"We're now the greatest people upon earth,  
As all must know who've thought at all about it;  
We have been taught so from our earliest birth  
By all around us, and we cannot doubt it;  
Our loyal papers all proclaim our worth,  
Our players rant it, and our people shout it;  
For various things we're famous—but the chief  
Is our great bulliness and love of beef.

In the first place John Bull the nation's nam'd;  
The name of beef-eaters our women take;  
Throughout the world our prowess is proclaim'd;  
For cooking and for eating a beef-steak;  
Beef makes our warriors and prize-fighters famed,  
Who fight for beef, and call it glory's sake;  
And when our happiness is past control,  
We always kill an ox and roast him whole."

The rage for witnessing trials, executions,  
accidents, and other painful sights, is well  
ridiculed.

"I deprecate all pleasures of this sort,  
But most my female readers I advise  
To shun, not seek, the crowded anxious court,  
Nor on the trembling culprit fix their eyes;  
It is to make another's woe their sport.  
Domitian began by teasing flies,  
But came to smothering wretches for his pleasure,  
And other cruelties beyond all measure.

Full well I know, my readers fair, that you  
Must, being human, some excitement find;  
Some take to literature, and turn blue—  
Some with accomplishments amuse the mind—  
Some choose religion—I know one or two  
Extraordinary cases of the kind—  
Some find their husbands' friends extremely handy—  
Some take to metaphysics—some to brandy—

In short, a thousand methods are pursued  
To cheat the dull vacuity of living;  
But that which does most evil and least good,  
Is this perception of another's grieving;  
A taste which cannot be too soon subdued;  
Pray, gentle ladies, take the hint I'm giving;  
I seldom moralise, and never preach  
But when I really have some good to teach,  
The two great passions of the English nation  
Are curiosity and love of scandal;  
The first picks up materials for narration,  
And to the second is a sort of handle;  
It was the first which brought on this occasion  
So many people to the Brunswick; and all  
For what?—the sufferer wanted air and space—  
They spoil the air and choke'd up all the place."

Among others was a dandy, painted at a  
touch.

"A cane was in his hand, upon whose tip  
An eye-glass shone, which would have marr'd his  
light;  
If used; he daintily contrived to sip  
Both a cigar and snuff, and thus unite  
The two tobaccos on his upper lip;  
He was to all exceedingly polite,  
And only beg'd the people not to smear him  
With those unseemly things they brought so near him."

We are sorry to pass an admirable sketch of  
susceptibility; but we can only give the last  
stanza.



"Such is it—such its pow'r is ever lightning  
Across the path of those who feel its sway,  
All pangs that dwell in human bosoms heightening,  
As hate, love, fear, joy, sorrow, will have way,  
Blackening each sable hue, each gay one brightening;  
Thus it anticipates thy touch, Decay!  
And leaves us blighted, blasted, at the time  
When men of calmer mould are in their prime."

We have to censure a sort of poetical confession of faith—the subject of religious belief is out of place;—yet it is not profanely done, it is only a want of good taste *in loco*; and the following arguments for the immortality of the soul are worthy of the bard.

"Why do we gaze upon the lonely beach  
And broken cliff we never saw before,  
And feel a joy beyond the pow'r of speech  
In the wild sands and on the summit hoar?  
Why does the vast, th' eternal ocean teach  
Deep lessons, which with Heav'n unite us more  
Than all the world's temptation and its pow'r  
Can work upon us in their happiest hour?  
Nor let external nature bound thy range;  
Look how the soul of man hath been endued;  
The sympathy which binds in union stranged  
Congenial souls, the links of gratitude,  
Of mutual minds the blissful interchange,  
The pow'r of saving, joy of doing good,  
The solemn farewell, the sweet recognition,  
And all the nobler types of man's condition.  
But, oh! beyond all these, if thou hast known  
What 'tis to have thy heart's affections placed  
On some fond being, whom thou lovest alone  
With tender ardour, passionate yet chaste,  
Whose love to thee is dearer than a throne;  
If e'er the look of nature thou hast traced  
In th' all-confiding, happy, conscious eye—  
Think, think of these, and feel thou canst not die!"

And with this fine stanza we close: the extent of our Review of so short a production may be received as a testimony of our admiration. The author's name is, we believe, Charles Thomson; and we hail him as a very clever fellow.

*The New Forest.* By the Author of "Brambletye House," &c. 12mo. 3 vols. London, 1829. Colburn.

Of the contents of these volumes we shall only give our readers a hurried glance, without entering into aught of critical examination. The popular author of the "Rejected Addresses" has taken a completely new path: in the times of Henry VIII. his accuracy was such, that he seemed to have feasted with the merry monarch; and as to Jerusalem, if he had been a Jew he could not have been better acquainted with his native city. But the present work is of a time only just anterior to our own; we have plain misters and mistresses, as vain and as foolish as if they were our own particular acquaintance; and a story of love, danger, and mystery, which we sympathise too much with our young lady readers to unfold. The following is one of the most striking scenes: it relates to a youth who, with manners and appearance far above his condition, has joined a band of smugglers, whose captain has, we must premise, a very lovely daughter:—

"In his attempt to screen the captain, he had received a ball which had broken the bone of his leg, notwithstanding which he had contrived to scramble some little distance along the shore, and, favoured by the darkness, threw himself down beneath a crag, which had been detached from the cliff, and lay near the water's edge. In this situation he remained, propping himself against the crag, and groaning with torture, until the morning broke, when, upon casting his eyes to the sea, he could just recognise the cutter scudding away to the south, and chased by the revenue vessel, though far a-head of her. No other vessel was in sight; he was hidden from the beach; he could hear no sound of voices; all was silent where but lately all had been clamour and

tumult. Ignorant of his fate, his comrades had probably left the shore; it was not impossible, however, that some of them might still be lurking under the cliff, waiting for day-light to look out for him; and in order to avail himself of their services, it was necessary that he should render himself visible by climbing to the top of the crag. Easy as it appeared, he found it impossible to carry this design into execution. Sick, dizzy, faint with fatigue and the loss of blood, he found that his powerless limbs refused to obey him, and, after several ineffectual efforts, which only aggravated his sufferings, he fell back into his former position, and resolved to abandon the attempt. Almost at the same moment, he made the appalling discovery that he had crawled beneath this fatal rock at low water, and that the flowing tide, which now nearly touched his extended feet, threatened speedily to overwhelm and destroy him! At the first conviction of this inevitable fate, the perspiration started in large beads from his forehead, a sudden and deep flush overspread his features, which, almost immediately resuming their ghastly paleness, were an expression of mingled agony and horror. He was naturally of a resolute and almost undaunted spirit, but the hopelessness of all succour or escape now inspired him with gloomy despair. Life, however, had long been a burden to him, and now that he could no longer retain it without the probability of his being made a prisoner, and exposed to public shame, or the certainty that, even if he were rescued by his comrades, he must undergo some painful operation for his broken leg, perhaps after all to die in miserable anguish, he became in some degree reconciled to his fate, and resolved to encounter his approaching death without flinching; and, if possible, without even a regret. Fixing his eyes therefore upon the advancing waters with a stern composure, his thoughts reverted to all the faults, follies, and crimes of his past life, a retrospect that filled him with compunction and remorse; while the hopelessness of the future, even if he could escape his doom, left him little to bewail in dying. A pang, indeed, shot through his heart as the image of Mary passed athwart his mind, and he murmured her name with a deep sigh; but such was the cruel waywardness of his lot, that even this, his last, his only chance of happiness upon earth, was rendered unattainable by insuperable impediments. Conscious that his end was approaching, he withdrew his thoughts from all worldly objects, and determining to employ the short space that was yet to be allowed him in imploring forgiveness of his offences, he fixed his haggard looks upon the sky, and remained absorbed in penitent and fervent prayer. Not so completely, however, could he abstract his thoughts from the earth, but that he felt an involuntary shudder as the waters flowed over his legs, while he imagined that he heard his death-knell ringing with a terrific loudness in his ears as the waves broke with a plash against the crag. Every succeeding surge rose higher and higher, sending a more icy chill to his heart; and as he mentally calculated to what part of his frame the next would reach, and how long it might be before his sufferings would terminate, nature recoiled from a death so appallingly slow and protracted, and yet apparently so inevitable. While thus gloomily meditating, he felt the buoyancy of the element which had already begun to enwrap his body, and a sudden flash of hope shot like lightning through his mind. By the assistance of the rising waters he might perhaps lift himself to the top of the little crag.

This too, he was well aware, must be speedily overflown by the tide, and in that case he would only have deferred his wretched fate; but in the short interval he might be seen by some of the comrades, he might be saved! Life is sweet even to the most miserable: his despair was momentarily chased away; a new hope inspired him with fresh energy; instead of contemplating the waves as his fell, inexorable executioners, he hailed them as his guardian angels, his preservers; and buoying himself as well as he could upon their surface, he succeeded, after the most painful and convulsive efforts, in dragging himself to the top of the crag, so weak and exhausted that he lay outstretched upon its summit, just able to raise up and wave his right arm as a signal. At this critical moment, Mary, having reached the summit of the cliff above, threw her anxious eyes along the beach in the direction of the Isle of Wight, over the hills of which the sun had just risen, throwing broad shadows from its shores, and tipping with a crown of light the summits of the Needle Rocks. She could perceive no moving object except some distant fishing-boats; but as her looks wandered in another direction, she discerned something moving upon the crag. At first she imagined it to be sea-weed, blown up by the wind; but on viewing it more intently, she discovered that it was a human being; and the instant suspicion of the truth sent an electrical shock through her whole frame. It might be, it must be George, rendered helpless by his wound, and left thus miserably to perish! Be it whom it might, not a single second would her generous heart pause to deliberate. She leapt from her horse, ran like an antelope down the precipitous gap, plunged into the waves, hurried to the crag, and uttering a piercing shriek as she recognised the agonised features of George, she fell upon the rock beside him. Conscious, however, that not a moment was to be lost, she instantly recovered herself and started up, intending to support and assist him to the shore; but his blood-shot eyes, his death-like countenance, his faltering, gasping voice, his wounded leg, which had dyed the crag with gore, superadded to her fatigues during a sleepless night, and the shock of violently contending emotions, were altogether too much for her. Her's was a courageous heart, but after all it was a woman's; nature was unequal to the struggle she had previously undergone, and the hideous, the withering spectacle on which she was now gazing with looks of horror. The scene floated dimly before her eyes, a hollow noise rung in her ears, she murmured a few inarticulate sounds, and slipped fainting from the crag. George had convulsively grasped her hand, but totally powerless to raise her from the sea, he was doomed to the unutterable anguish of seeing her sink into the waters beside him. Her dishevelled tresses floated around her head; once—twice—thrice did the waves flow over her pale, lifeless face, as she lay extended like a beautiful marble statue. He could no longer bear the heart-rending sight, but with a deep groan sunk down insensible upon the hand which he still retained in his unconscious grasp."

Among the most amusing characters introduced are, Penguin, a retired tradesman turned geologist *faute de mieux*, and who submits to not a little dogmatism from his wife for the sake of "drawing out her character;"—Pompey, a negro, whose ejaculation, when, with all the cunning of folly, he has hit on some weak point of his auditor, is, "Ah,



massa, dere is de hiccory nut for you to crack;"—and we must not forget the hero himself, a young Malthusian, who argues on marriage in a style to delight the Westminster Review, and answers a challenge to point out two grammatical errors in its wording: but these instances are amply sufficient to shew how completely different these volumes are to their predecessors from the same source.

*Devereux.* By the Author of "Pelham."  
(Second Notice.)

WE regret that our limits will only permit us to give a meagre outline of what is a finished portrait; but as, according to the old proverb, "much would have more," those whose curiosity is stimulated by our selected traits, will rather rejoice that our few columns are only a small part of three volumes, and three volumes of a sufficient variety to gratify, we think, the taste of every reader. The character of Lord Bolingbroke is a new and bold attempt in novel-writing. In the various memoirs, &c. of the times, our author has sought for all that could give historical accuracy; he has studied his hero's character in his works, both in the more elaborate, where the mind holds forth its own *beau idéal*—and in the familiar letters, where it betrays so much of its reality; but, above all, he has drawn the picture in the spirit of one fine mind entering into and appreciating another. We shall best express our opinion of its excellence by likening it to some of the living sketches which make the glory of old classical writers: but let the following extracts speak for themselves:—

"He was in the very prime of life, about the middle height, and of a mien and air so strikingly noble, that it was some time before you recovered the general effect of his person sufficiently to examine its peculiar claims to admiration. He lost, however, nothing by a farther survey: he possessed not only an eminently handsome, but a very extraordinary countenance. Through an air of nonchalance, and even something of lassitude, through an ease of manners sometimes sinking into effeminate softness, sometimes bordering upon licentious effrontery, his eye thoughtful, yet wandering, seemed to announce that the mind par-took but little of the whim of the moment, or of those levities of ordinary life over which the grace of his manner threw so peculiar a charm. His brow was, perhaps, rather too large and thick for the exactness of perfect symmetry; but it had an expression of great mental power and determination. His features were high, yet delicate; and his mouth, which, when closed, assumed a firm and rather severe expression, softened, when speaking, into a smile of almost magical enchantment. Richly, but not extravagantly dressed, he seemed to cultivate rather than disdain the ornaments of outward appearance; and whatever can fascinate or attract seemed so inherent in this singular man, that all which in others would have been most artificial, was in him most natural: so that it is no exaggeration to add, that to be well dressed seemed to the elegance of his person, not so much the result of art, as of a property innate and peculiar to himself. \* \* \*

"I was roused by a gentle touch upon my shoulder; I looked up, and saw St. John. 'Pardon me, count,' said he, smiling; 'I should not have disturbed your reflections, had not your neglect of an old friend emboldened me to address you upon his behalf.' And St. John pointed to the volume of Cowley which he had taken up without my perceiving it. 'Well,' added he, seating himself on the turf

beside me, 'in my younger days, poetry and I were better friends than we are now. And if I had had Cowley as a companion, I should not have parted with him as you have done, even for my own reflections.' 'You admire him, then?' said I. 'Why, that is too general a question. I admire what is fine in him, as in every one else; but I do not love him the better for his points and his conceits. He reminds me of what Cardinal Pallavicino said of Seneca, viz. that he 'perfumes his conceits with civet and ambergris.' However, count, I have opened upon a beautiful motto for you:

'Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,  
Hear the soft winds above me flying,  
With all their wanton boughs dispute,  
And the more tuneful birds to both replying,  
Not be myself too mute.'

What say you to that wish? If you have a grain of poetry in you, such verse ought to bring it into flower.' 'Ay,' answered I, though not exactly in accordance with the truth; 'but I have not the germ. I destroyed it four years ago. Reading the dedication of poets cured me of the love for poetry. What a pity that the divine inspiration should have for its oracles such mean souls!' 'Yes, and how industrious the good gentlemen are in debasing themselves. Their ingenuity is never half so much shewn in a simile as in a compliment; and I know not which to admire the most in Dryden, his translating the *Æneid*, or his ordering the engravers of his frontispiece (upon the accession of King William) to give poor *Aeneas an enormous nose*.' I smiled at the anecdote; and St. John continued in a graver tone: 'I know nothing in nature more melancholy than the discovery of any meanness in a great man. There is so little to redeem the dry mass of follies and errors from which the materials of this life are composed, that any thing to love or to reverence becomes as it were the sabbath for the mind. It is bitter to feel, as we grow older, how the respite is abridged, and how the few objects left to our admiration are abased. What a foe, not only to life, but to all that dignifies and ennobles it, is Time! Our affections and our pleasures resemble those fabulous trees described by St. Odeur—the fruits which they bring forth are no sooner ripened into maturity, than they are transformed into birds, and fly away. But these reflections cannot yet be familiar to you. Let us return to Cowley. Do you feel any sympathy with his prose writings? For some minds they have a great attraction.' 'They have for mine,' answered I; 'but then I am naturally a dreamer; and a contemplative egotist is always to me a mirror in which I behold myself.' 'The world,' answered St. John, with a melancholy smile, 'will soon dissolve, or for ever confirm your humour for dreaming; in either case Cowley will not be less a favourite. But you must, like me, have long toiled in the heat and travail of business, or of pleasure, which is more wearisome still, in order fully to sympathise with those beautiful panegyrics upon solitude, which make, perhaps, the finest passages in Cowley. I have often thought that he whom God hath gifted with a love of retirement, possesses as it were an extra sense. And among what our poet so eloquently calls 'the vast and noble scenes of nature,' we find the balm for the wounds we have sustained among the 'pitiful shifts of policy;' for the attachment to solitude is the surest preservative from the ills of life: and I know not if the Romans ever instilled, under allegory, a sublimer truth than when they inculcated the belief, that those inspired by Feronia, the goddess of woods and forests, could walk barefoot and uninjured over

burning coals.' At this part of our conference, the bell swinging hoarsely through the long avenues and over the silent water, summoned us to the grand occupation of civilised life: we rose and walked slowly towards the house. 'Do not,' said I, 'these regular routines of petty occurrences—this periodical solemnity of trifles, weary and disgust you? For my part, I almost long for the old days of knight errantry, and would rather be knocked on the head by a giant, or carried through the air by a flying griffin, than live in this circle of dull regularities—the brute at the mill.' 'You may live even in these days,' answered St. John, 'without too tame a regularity. Women and politics furnish ample food for adventure; and you must not judge of all life by country life.' 'Nor of all conversation,' said I, with a look which implied a compliment, 'by the insipid idlers who fill our saloons. Behold them now, gathered by the oriel window, yonder; precious distillers of talk—sentinels of society, with certain set phrases as watchwords, which they never exceed; sages, who follow Face's advice to Dapper—

'Hum thrice, and buzz as often.' \* \* \*

"The queen died—and a cloud already began to look menacing to the eyes of the Viscount Bolingbroke, and therefore to those of the Count Devereux. 'We will weather out the shower,' said Bolingbroke. 'Could not you,' said I, 'make our friend Oxford the talapat?'" and Bolingbroke laughed. All men find wit in the jests broken on their enemies! One morning, however, I received a laconic note from him, which, notwithstanding its shortness and seeming gaiety, I knew well signified that something not calculated for laughter had occurred. I went, and found that his new majesty had deprived him of the seals, and secured his papers. We looked very blank at each other. At last Bolingbroke smiled. I must say, that culpable as he was in some points as a politician—culpable, not from being ambitious (for I would not give much for the statesman who is otherwise), but from not having inseparably linked his ambition to the welfare of his country, rather than to that of a party—for, despite of what has been said of him, his ambition was never selfish—culpable as he was when glory allured him, he was most admirable when danger assailed him! and, by the shade of that Tully whom he so idolised, his philosophy was the most conveniently worn of any person's I ever met. When it would have been in the way—at the supper of an actress—in the levées of a court—in the *boudoir* of a beauty—in the arena of the senate—in the intrigue of the cabinet—you would not have seen, no! not a seam of the good old garment. But directly it was wanted—in the hour of pain—in the day of peril—in the suspense of exile—in (worst of all) the torpor of tranquillity, my extraordinary friend unfolded it piece by piece—wrapped himself up in it—sat down—defied the world, and uttered the most beautiful sentiments upon the comfort and luxury of his raiment, that can possibly be imagined. It used to remind me, that same philosophy of his, of the enchanted tent in the Arabian tale, which one moment lay wrapped in a nut-shell, and the next covered an army. Bolingbroke smiled, and quoted Cicero; and after an hour's conversation, which on his part was by no means like that of a person whose very head was in no enviable state of safety, he slid at once from a sarcasm upon Steele into a dis-

\* "A thing used by the Siamse for the same purpose now use the umbrella."

cussion as to the best measures to be adopted. Let me be brief on this point! Throughout the whole of that short session he behaved in a manner more delicately and profoundly wise than I think the whole of his previous administration can equal. He sustained with the most unflinching, the most unwearied dexterity, the sinking spirits of his associates. Without an act, or the shadow of an act, that could be called time-serving, he laid himself out to conciliate the king and to propitiate parliament;—with a dignified prudence, which, while it seemed above petty pique, was well calculated to remove the appearance of that disaffection with which he was charged, and discriminated justly between the king and the new administration, he lent his talents to the assistance of the monarch, by whom his impeachment was already resolved on, and aided in the settlement of the civil list, while he was in full expectation of a criminal accusation."

"There are some men whom one never really sees in capitals; one sees their masks, not themselves: Bolingbroke was one. It was in retirement, however brief it might be, that his true nature expanded itself; and weary of being admired, he allowed me to love and, even in the wildest course of his earlier excesses, to respect him. My visit was limited to a few hours, but it made an indelible impression on me. 'Once more,' I said, as we walked to and fro in the garden of his temporary retreat,—'once more you are in your element—minister and statesman of a prince, and chief supporter of the great plans which are to restore him to his throne.' A slight shade passed over Bolingbroke's fine brow. 'To you, my constant friend,' said he, 'to you,—who of all my friends alone remained true in exile, and unshaken by misfortune,—to you I will confide a secret that I would intrust to no other. I repent me already of having espoused this cause. I did so while yet the disgrace of an unmerited attainder tingled in my veins; while I was in the full tide of those violent and warm passions which have so often misled me. Myself attained—the best-beloved of my associates in danger—my party deserted, and seemingly lost, but for some bold measure such as then offered: these were all that I saw. I listened eagerly to representations I now find untrue; and I accepted that rank and power from one prince which were so rudely and gallingly torn from me by another. I perceive that I have acted imprudently—but what is done is done; no private scruples, no private interest, shall make me waver in a cause that I have once pledged myself to serve; and if I can do ought to make a weak cause powerful, and a divided party successful, I will:—but, Devereux, you are wrong, this is *not* my element. Ever in the paths of strife, I have sighed for quiet; and while most eager in pursuit of ambition, I have languished the most fondly for content. The littleness of intrigue disgusts me; and while the *branches* of my power soared the highest, and spread with the most luxuriance, it galled me to think of the miry soil in which that power was condemned to strike the roots upon which it stood, and by which it must be nourished.' I answered Bolingbroke as men are wont to answer statesmen who complain of their *métier*—half in compliment, half in contradiction; but he replied, with unusual seriousness,—'Do not think I affect to speak thus: you know how eagerly I snatch any respite from state, and how unmovedly I have borne the loss of prosperity and of power. You are now about to enter those perilous

paths which I have trod for years. Your passions, like mine, are strong! Beware, O beware, how you indulge them without restraint! They are the fires which should warm: let them not be the fires which destroy.' Bolingbroke paused in evident and great agitation—he resumed: 'I speak strongly, for I speak in bitterness; I was thrown early into the world: my whole education had been framed to make me ambitious: it succeeded in its end. I was ambitious, and of all success—success in pleasure, success in fame. To wean me from the former, my friends persuaded me to marry—they chose my wife for her connexions and her fortune, and I gained those advantages at the expense of what was better than either—happiness! You know how unfortunate has been that marriage, and how young I was when it was contracted. Can you wonder that it failed in the desired effect? Every one courted me, every temptation assailed me; pleasure even became more alluring abroad—when at home I had no longer the hope of peace: the indulgence of one passion begat the indulgence of another; and though my better sense prompted all my actions, it never restrained them to a proper limit. Thus the commencement of my actions has been generally prudent, and their continuation has deviated into rashness, or plunged into excess. Devereux, I have paid the forfeit of my errors with a terrible interest: when my motives have been pure, men have seen a fault in the conduct, and calumniated the motives; when my conduct has been blameless, men have remembered its former errors, and asserted that its present goodness only arose from some sinister intention: thus, I have been termed crafty, when I was in reality rash; and that was called the inconsistency of interest, which in reality was the inconstancy of passion. I have reason, therefore, to warn you how you suffer your subjects to become your tyrants; and, believe me, no experience is so deep as that of one who has committed faults, and who has discovered their causes.' \* \* \*

"I was informed that Lord Bolingbroke was at his farm. Farm? how oddly did that word sound in my ear, coupled as it was with the name of one so brilliant and so restless! I asked the servant to direct me where I should find him; and, following the directions, I proceeded to the search alone. It was a day towards the close of autumn, bright, soft, clear, and calm as the decline of a vigorous and genial age. I walked slowly through a field robbed of its golden grain; and as I entered another, I saw the object of my search. He had seemingly just given some orders to a person in a labourer's dress, who was quitting him; and with downcast eyes he was approaching towards me. I noted how slow and even was the pace which, once stately, yet rapid and irregular, had betrayed the haughty but wild character of his mind. He paused often, as if in thought; and I observed that once he stopped longer than usual, and seemed to gaze wistfully on the ground. Afterwards (when I had joined him) we passed that spot, and I remarked, with a secret smile, that it contained one of those little mounds in which that busy and herded tribe of the insect race, which have been held out to man's social state at once as a mockery and a model, held their populous home. There seemed a latent moral in the pause and watch of the disappointed statesman by that mound, which afforded a clue to the nature of his reflections. \* \* \*

"The last time I saw you," said he, "how widely did our hopes and objects differ,—yours

from my own: you, seemingly, had the vantage-ground; but it was an artificial eminence, and my level state, though it appeared less tempting, was more secure. I had just been disgraced by a misguided and ungrateful prince. I had already gone into a retirement, where my only honours were proportioned to my fortitude in bearing condemnation; and my only flatterer was the hope of finding a companion and a Mentor in myself. You, my friend, parted with life before you, and you only relinquished the pursuit of fortune at one court, to meet her advances at another. Nearly ten years have flown since that time; my situation is but little changed; I am returned, it is true, to my native soil, but not to a soil more indulgent to ambition and exertion than the scene of my exile. My sphere of action is still shut from me; *my mind is still banished*. You return young in years, but full of successes. Have they brought you happiness, Devereux? or have you yet a temper to envy my content?" 'Alas!' said I, 'who can bear too close a search beneath the mask and robe? Talk not of me now. It is ungracious for the fortunate to repine; and I reserve whatever may disquiet me within, for your future consolation and advice. At present speak to me of yourself: you are happy, then?' 'I am,' said Bolingbroke, emphatically. 'Life seems to me to possess two treasures: one glittering and precarious; the other of less rich a show, but of a more solid value. The one is power, the other virtue; and there is this main difference between the two. Power is intrusted to us as a *loan*, ever required again, and with a terrible arrear of interest. Virtue obtained by us as a *boom*, which we can only lose through our own folly, when once it is acquired. In my youth I was caught by the former—hence my errors and my misfortunes! In my declining years I have sought the latter—hence my palliatives and my consolation! But you have not seen my home, and *all* its attractions,' added Bolingbroke, with a smile, which reminded me of his former self: 'I will shew them to you.' And we turned our steps to the house. As we walked thither, I wondered to find how little melancholy was the change Bolingbroke had undergone. Ten years, which bring a man from his prime to his decay, had indeed left a potent trace upon his stately form and the still unrivalled beauty of his noble features; but the manner gained all that the form had lost. In his days of more noisy greatness, there had been something artificial and unquiet in the sparkling alternations he had loved to assume. He had been too fond of changing wisdom by a quick turn into wit—too fond of the affectation of bordering the serious with the gay—the business with the pleasure. If this had not taken from the polish of his manners, it had diminished his dignity, and given it the air of being assumed and insincere. Now all was quiet, earnest, and impressive; there was tenderness even in what was melancholy; and if there yet lingered the affectation of blending the classic character with his own, the character was more noble, and the affectation more unseen. But this manner was only the faint mirror of a mind which, retaining much of its former mould, had been embellished and exalted by adversity, and which, if it banished not its former frailties, had acquired a thousand new virtues to redeem them. 'You see,' said my companion, pointing to the walls of the hall, which we had now entered, 'the subject which at present occupies the greater part of my attention. I am meditating how to make the hall most illustrative of its owner's pur-

suits. You see the desire of improving, of creating, and of associating the improvement and the creation with ourselves, follows us banished men even to our seclusion. I think of having those walls painted with the implements of husbandry, and through pictures of spades and ploughshares to express my employments, and testify my content in them." "Cincinnatus is a better model than Aristippus—confess it," said I, smiling: "but if the senators come hither to summon you to power, will you resemble the Roman, not only in being found at your plough, but in your reluctance to leave it, and your eagerness to return?" "What shall I say to you?" replied Bolingbroke: "will you play the cynic if I answer no? We should not boast of despising power, when of use to others, but of being contented to live without it. This is the end of my philosophy! But let me present you to one whom I value more than I valued power at any time." As he said this, Bolingbroke threw open the door of an apartment, and introduced me to a lady with whom he had found that domestic happiness denied him in his first marriage—the niece of Madame de Maintenon. This most charming woman possessed all her aunt's wit, and far more than all her aunt's beauty: she was in weak health; but her vivacity was extreme, and her conversation just what should be the conversation of a woman who shines without striving for it. \* \* \* I took the opportunity to remark, that I was rejoiced to find him so happy, and with such just cause for happiness. "He is happy, though, at times, he is restless. How, chained to this oak, can he be otherwise?" answered Lady Bolingbroke, with a sigh: "but his friends," she added, "who most enjoy his retirement, must yet lament it. His genius is not wasted here, it is true: where could it be wasted? But who does not feel that it is employed in too confined a sphere? And yet—and I saw a tear start to her eye—"I, at least, ought not to repine; I should lose the best part of my happiness if there was nothing I could console him for." "Believe me," said I, "I have known Bolingbroke in the zenith of his success; but never knew him so worthy of congratulation as now." "Is that flattery to him or to me?" said Lady Bolingbroke, smiling archly; for her smiles were quick successors to her tears. "Detur digniori!" answered I; "but you must allow that, though it is a fine thing to have all that the world can give, it is still better to gain something that the world cannot take away?" "Et vous aussi êtes philosophe!" cried Lady Bolingbroke, gaily. "Ah, poor me! in my youth, my portion was the cloister; in my later years I am banished to the porch! You have no conception, Monsieur Devereux, what wise faces and profound maxims we have here; especially as all who come to visit my lord, think it necessary to quote Tully, and talk of solitude as if it were a heaven! Les pauvres bons gens! they seem a little surprised when Henry receives them smilingly, begs them to construe the Latin, gives them good wine, and sends them back to London with faces half the length they were on their arrival. Mais voici, Monsieur, le premier philosophe." And Bolingbroke entering, I took my leave of this lively and interesting lady, and stepped into his carriage.

We have said there is sufficient variety for every reader in these volumes; and we repeat it: the historian may read them for their accurate and animated social painting, the philosopher for their acute and enlightened views, the man of the world for their keen and lively sarcasm, while the poet will no less enjoy the

imagination which sheds over parts a beauty of a superior order. A second perusal has only raised our first estimate of this interesting story; and if we said, in our introductory remarks, that a first-rate novel was now the production of a first-rate mind, we have no hesitation in avowing, such is the work to which we now accord this pre-eminent praise.

#### Lord King's Life of Locke, &c.

IN our last we sufficiently introduced this valuable book to the notice of our readers; and as it is one, the merits and interest belonging to which need only be known to insure its extensive circulation, we shall abstain from filling our columns with more of its contents than seem to be absolutely necessary as illustrations of its character. We are perhaps more susceptible of the hard-hitting points in the drawing of such a portrait as the following than the generality of the world—for we are often brought into contact with the order to which the individual belongs. The party in question was met by Locke at Cleves, and is distinctly one of those whom a pleasant friend of ours calls a *bore jure*, or sworn bore; and it is some consolation to us to find that the class existed above a century and a half ago, was to be found in foreign lands as well as at home, and had the power of infesting great literary personages then and there just as they may now do us!

"I was no sooner rid of a divinity disputation (says our immortal philosopher, in a sportive letter to a friend) but I found myself up to the ears in poetry, and overwhelmed in Helicon. I had almost or rather have been soused in the *Reyne*, as frozen as it was, for it could not have been more cold and intolerable than the poetry I met with. The remembrance of it puts me in a chill sweat; and were it not that I am obliged to recount all particulars, being under the laws of an historian, I should find it very difficult to recall to mind this part of my story: but having armed myself with a good piece of bag pudding, which bears a mighty antipathy to poetry, and having added thereto half-a-dozen glasses of daring wine, I thus proceed:—My invisible master, therefore, having mounted me, rode me out to a place, where I must needs meet a learned bard in a threadbare coat, and a hat, that though in its younger days it had been black, yet it was grown gray with the labour of its master's brains, and his hard study or time had changed the colour of that as well as his master's hair. His breeches had the marks of antiquity upon them, were borne, I believe, in the heroic times, and retained still the gallantry of that age, and had an antipathy to base pelf. Stockings I know not whether he had any, but I am sure his two shoes had but one heel, which made his own foot go as uneven as those of his verses. He was so poor, that he had not so much as a rich face, nor the promise of a carbuncle in it; so that I must needs say that his outside was poet enough. After a little discourse, wherein he sprinkled some bays on our British Druid Owen, out he drew from under his coat a folio of verses; and that you may be sure they were excellent, I must tell you that they were acrostics upon the name and titles of the Elector of Brandenburg. I could not escape reading of them: when I had done, I endeavoured to play the poet a little in commending them, but in that he outdid me clearly, praised faster than I could, preferred them to *Lucan* and *Virgil*, shewed me where his muse flew high, squeezed out all the verjuice of all his conceits; and there was not a secret

conundrum which he laid not open to me; and in that little talk I had with him afterwards, he quoted his own verses a dozen times, and gloried in his works. The poem was designed as a present to the elector; but I being Owen's countryman had the honour to see them before the elector, which he made me understand was a singular courtesy, though I believe one hundred others had been equally favoured. I told him the elector must needs give him a considerable reward; he seemed angry at the mention of it, and told me he had only a design to shew his affection and parts, and spoke as if he thought himself fitter to give than to receive anything from the elector, and that he was the greater person of the two; and indeed, what need had he of any gift, who had all *Tagus* and *Pactolus* in his possession? could make himself a *Tempe* when he pleased, and create as many *Elysiums* as he had a mind to. I applauded his generosity and great mind, thanked him for the favour he had done me, and at last got out of his hands."

We before alluded to, and expressed our regret, that from among the notes and dissertations interspersed in Locke's journals, we could not (on account of their length) extract two admirable articles on *Error* and on *Study* (pp. 90 and 281): these, and others, are replete with the finest examples of a high reasoning faculty applied in the most captivating and convincing manner. We cannot, however, resist the gratification of selecting a scrap or two, as specimens of the whole.

"May 16th, 1681.—The three great things that govern mankind are, reason, passion, and superstition; the first governs a few, the two last share the bulk of mankind, and possess them in their turns; but superstition is most powerful, and produces the greatest mischiefs."

"The usual physical proof (if I may so call it) of the immortality of the soul is this: matter cannot think, *ergo*, the soul is immaterial; nothing can really destroy an immaterial thing, *ergo*, the soul is really immaterial. \* \* \*

"*Enthusiasm* is a fault in the mind opposite to brutish sensuality; as far in the other extreme exceeding the just measure of reason, as thoughts grovelling only in matter, and things of sense, come short of it. \* \* \*

"*Opinion*.—A thinking and considerate man cannot believe any thing with a firmer assent than is due to the evidence and validity of those reasons on which it is founded; yet the greatest part of men, not examining the probability of things in their own nature, nor the testimony of those who are their vouchers, take the common belief or opinion of those of their country, neighbourhood, or party, to be proof enough, and so believe, as well as live, by fashion and example; and these men are zealous Turks as well as Christians. \* \* \*

"The old opinion, that every man had his particular genius that ruled and directed his course of life, hath made me sometimes laugh to think what a pleasant thing it would be if we could see little sprights bestride men (as plainly as I see here women bestride horses), ride them about, and spur them on in that way which they ignorantly think they choose themselves. And would you not smile to observe that they make use of us as we do of our pal-freys, to trot up and down for their pleasure and not our own?"

The following are miscellaneous curiosities:—

"1681, March 1st.—This day I saw Alice George, a woman, as she said, of 108 years old at Allhallow-tide last: she lived in St. Giles's parish, Oxford, and has lived in and about



Oxford since she was a young woman: she was born at Saltwyck, in Worcestershire; her father lived to eighty-three, her mother to ninety-six, and her mother's mother to 111. When she was young she was neither fat nor lean, but very slender in the waist; for her size she was to be reckoned rather amongst the tall than the short women; her condition was but mean, and her maintenance her labour. She said she was able to have reaped as much in a day as a man, and had as much wages. She was married at thirty, and had fifteen children; viz. ten sons and five daughters, besides five miscarriages; she has three sons still alive, her eldest, John, living next door to her, seventy-seven years old the 25th of this month. She goes upright with a staff in one hand; but I saw her stoop twice without resting upon any thing, taking up once a pot, and at another time her glove, from the ground. Her hearing is very good, and her smelling so quick, that as soon as she came near me, she said I smelt very sweet, I having a pair of new gloves on that were not strong scented. Her eyes she complains of as failing her since her last sickness, which was an ague that seized her about two years since, and held her about a year; and yet she made a shift to thread a needle before us, though she seemed not to see the end of the thread very perfectly. She has as comely a face as ever I saw any old woman have, and age has neither made her deformed nor decrepit. The greatest part of her food now is bread and cheese, or bread and butter, and ale. Sack revives her when she can get it; for flesh she cannot now eat, unless it be roasting pig, which she loves. She had, she said, in her years a good stomach, and ate what came in her way, oftener wanting victuals than a stomach. Her memory and understanding perfectly good and quick. Amongst a great deal of discourse we had with her, and stories she told, she spoke not one idle or impertinent word. Before this last ague she used to go to church constantly, Sundays, Wednesdays, and Saturdays; since that she walks not beyond her little garden: she has been ever since her being married troubled sometimes with vapours, and so is still, but never took any physic but once, about forty years since. She said she was sixteen in 1688, and went then to Worcester to see Queen Elizabeth, but came an hour too late; which agrees with her account of her age.\*

At Amsterdam (1684) "M. Bremen shewed us, at Dr. Sibilius's, the way of making thé, in use amongst the Japanese, where he lived eight years. He beat the yolks of eggs with sugar-candy in a basin, pouring on them the hot infusion of thé by degrees, always stirring it.

"The Essay on Human Understanding, which had been finished during the author's retirement in Holland, and the English version of the Letter on Toleration, were published on his return to his native country (in 1689\*)."

\* He received £30 for the copyright of the first edition; and "by agreement, made several years afterwards, the bookseller was to deliver six books well bound for every subsequent edition, and also to pay ten shillings for each additional sheet. For the Reasonableness of Christianity, the price was ten shillings each sheet. For 'the copy of several other books,' which I believe to be the Consideration of raising the Value, or lowering the Interest of Money, the Reasonableness of Christianity, and vindication of the same, the sum received was '4s. 12s.' For the Treatise on Education, 3s. for every impression, and twenty-five books bound in calf. Of this book Mr. Cline, the celebrated surgeon, said that it had contributed more to the general health of the higher classes of society, by one rule which the author lays down, than any other book he had ever read. 1696, My Reply to the Bishop of Worcester's second answer 14s. 10s.

"During the last four years of his life, increasing infirmities confined him to the retirement he had chosen at Oates, near High Laver, in Essex; and, although labouring under an incurable disorder, he was cheerful to the last, constantly interested in the welfare of his friends, and at the same time perfectly resigned to his own fate. His literary occupation at that time was the study of and Commentary on St. Paul's Epistles, published amongst his posthumous works. In October 1704, his disorder greatly increased: on the 27th of that month Lady Masham not finding him in his study as usual, went to his bedside, when he told her that the fatigue of getting up the day before had been too much for his strength, and that he never expected to rise again from his bed. He said that he had now finished his career in this world, and that in all probability he should not outlive the night—certainly not to be able to survive beyond the next day or two. After taking some refreshment, he said to those present that he wished them all happiness after he was gone. To Lady Masham, who remained with him, he said that he thanked God he had passed a happy life, but that now he found that all was vanity, and exhorted her to consider this world only as a preparation for a better state hereafter. He would not suffer her to sit up with him, saying, that perhaps he might be able to sleep, but if any change should happen he would send for her. Having no sleep in the night, he was taken out of bed and carried into his study, where he slept for some time in his chair: after waking, he desired to be dressed, and then heard Lady Masham read the Psalms, apparently with great attention, until perceiving his end to draw near, he stopped her, and expired a very few minutes afterwards, about three o'clock in the evening of the 28th October, in his seventy-third year."

To this we shall only subjoin, that the letters during Locke's residence in Holland are very interesting, and that the other correspondence embraces remarkable epistles from Newton and other of the most eminent men of the age, to beyond the close of the 17th century.

*The Lives of the most eminent British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects.* By Allan Cunningham. Vol. I. (being No. IV. of *The Family Library*), with twelve Engravings. pp. 347. London. 1829. Murray. "It was not without diffidence," says Mr. Cunningham, "that I undertook this work; nor have I forgotten the satiric remark of my countryman, 'Will no one write a book on what he understands?' This apology will be considered as superfluous by those who are at all acquainted with the personal history, as well as the previous works, of the author. Allan Cunningham is, it is true, known, as a poet, chiefly and most advantageously for productions composed in the spirit of the old rustic Muse of Scotland; but it is not the less true, that he has been for more than a dozen years the chief assistant and constant companion of one of the most elegant, as well as original, of modern sculptors: and he who in his early and untutored days could lay aside the tools of a stone-mason to indite such ballads as "Bonnie Anne," is not likely to have spent the vigour of his manhood at the elbow of Chantrey without having acquired every title to respectful audience when he undertakes to speak of British art. His habits and occupations have naturally thrown him continually

into the society of the brethren of the brush and the chisel, as well as of "the sweet singers of Israel;" and it would have been strange, if any thing worth either hearing or reading, on the subjects which he has now taken in hand, had escaped a man of such powerful faculties, so advantageously circumstanced. So much for technicalities,—which, after all, we confess we consider as the secondary matter here. Allan Cunningham is a man of strong masculine sense, as well as deep poetical sensibility. He has had his ups and downs in this world,—and, honourable as is the station to which he has at length attained by his own exertions, no one knows better

"How hard it is to climb  
The height where Fame's proud temple shines afar;"

how many fail that deserve better things—and to what accidents the most deserving are often beholden for their substantial success,—what months and years of doubt and hope deferred sicken the heart of almost all who aspire to the fame of poets or painters, before any of their visions are realised,—how difficult it is for these delicate spirits to endure their sure probation of adversity,—how infinitely more difficult for them to hold the long-promised cup of prosperity with a steady hand,—if it at last reach their grasp. We know no living man, whom *à priori* we should have believed to have studied the biography of genius with livelier and more intelligent sympathy than Allan Cunningham. Nor has this volume (the first of a series of three) at all disappointed us; on the contrary, we rise from its perusal with our opinion of the author's heart as it was,—with our opinion of the stories, and strength of his head, not a little elevated. The book is a learned one, though "wide as the poles asunder" from any thing like pedantry. Whatever previous critics had set down about the rise and progress and future prospects of English art, has evidently been digested thoroughly; and the result—the decisions of the author himself—are commonly in accordance with what had been ruled by antecedent judges, though illustrated by a mind overflowing with its own thoughts and images, and embodied in a style quite original, and (what many readers may not be so well prepared to expect) singularly compact. To say the truth, the narrative of Mr. C.'s romances was culpably diffuse throughout,—he seemed never to know when to stop,—"*manum, quod aiunt, à tabulâ.*" But he appears to have profited by the hints which that defect called forth from ourselves and others; and in this volume we certainly find very little room to complain either of tautology or of verbosity, or of that besetting sin of prose-writing poets, over-ornament. Perhaps the sense that he was writing for the people—for those whose time is scarce, as well as their money,—has had a favourable influence on his pen. And surely, of all faults, those to which we have been alluding are the last that ought to find tolerance in a contributor to such a series as *The Family Library*, of which series we venture to say this volume will be at least as extensively a favourite as any that have gone before it. It is even more lavishly illustrated than either of the volumes of Mr. Murray's "Napoleon," and we suspect more judiciously. There are fine (autograph) portraits, on steel, of Reynolds and Hogarth, and no fewer than ten engravings on wood. There can be no question that one-half of the twelve embellishments of the volume would be cheap at the price asked for all the dozen, over and above Mr. Allan Cunningham's 347 pages of flowing

Fourth edition of my Education, 5s. 1699, Third Letter to the Bishop of Worcester, 14s.—Locke's Account Books."

narrative, shrewd observation, and most caustic criticism,—for any examples of which we cannot now find room.

## SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

*The Library of Entertaining Knowledge. Vol. I. Part II. The Menageries: Quadrupeds, described and drawn from Living Subjects.* London, C. Knight; Longman and Co.

THIS, the third Part of the miscellany published under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, returns to the subject with which its first Part commenced, and is an excellent sequel to that introduction of the work. The editor has collected the latest information from every source, and has placed it before us in a shape well calculated to render his performance generally popular. The habits of animals, anecdotes of their wonderful instincts and acts, stories, reflections, &c. &c., all produced in a clear and pleasing manner, must make an amusing and a useful volume; and such is this.

*The Three Chapters, for July 1829.* J. Sharpe. HAVING adequately noticed the approaching rise of this our new contemporary, we have only occasion to state, at present, that it has appeared—No. I.—as expected from previous descriptions. There is a fine engraving, by H. Rolls, from Wilkie's characteristic picture of the Calabrian Shepherds hymning to the Virgin; and illustrated by a beautiful hymn, the words by L. E. L. Besides this sweet poem, there are two by Southey, and one by G. Darley—a prose sketch by Allan Cunningham—and a pleasant picture of life, called the Splendid Annual, to wit, a Lord Mayor of London, by Hook. These fill the first division, of "poetry and romance;" the second consists of essays, criticisms, &c.; and the third and last, of the Monthly Club, under which title the prevailing subjects of the day are discussed in the form of dialogue by all the letters of the alphabet. The novelty of the design seems to have caught the public; but we will give no opinion on so slight an acquaintance with our brother periodical, except to say that we view him with a favourable eye and kindly feeling. He offers us no opportunity for quotation but in L. E. L. and Darley's short poems; and even for these we cannot, this week, find space.

*Days Departed; or, Banwell Hill.* By the Rev. W. L. Bowles. 12mo. pp. 205. 3d edition. J. Murray.

WE hail with pleasure a third impression of Mr. Bowles's evidently popular poem. It has, however, nothing new to claim remark from us, except that the amiable author has found it again necessary to disclaim personal allusions in any of his descriptions.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

## COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

AT four o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday, last week, the oration in honour of the celebrated Dr. Harvey was delivered by Dr. Hue before a pretty full meeting of the College. The learned Dr. took a general view of the state of medicine, commencing with the knowledge possessed by the ancients, passing on to the period when the store of information became so much extended by the discovery of the circulation of the blood, and arriving at the improvements in medical practice as resulting from the experience of those

eminent in modern times. The oration was, as usual, delivered in the Roman language, and displayed an extensive acquaintance with the older authors, whilst the correctness of style evinced high classical attainments. The compliment paid to Sir Henry Hallford, who presided, was extremely neat and appropriate, and seemed to be cordially acquiesced in by all present. After enumerating the early benefactors of the College, he dwelt particularly on the loss it had recently sustained in the death of Drs. Wollaston, Young, and Ash, all Fellows of the College. The orator paid a just eulogium to the memory of these distinguished individuals, and especially recounted the various discoveries for which science is indebted to the great talents and sagacity of Dr. Wollaston. The Fellows present at the delivery of the oration wore the doctors' robes of the English universities. At the conclusion, the following gentlemen were introduced as members of the College, namely,—Wm. Crobie Mair, M.B., Wm. Joseph Boyne, M.B., Nicholas F. Davison, M.B., James Dunlap, M.D., Wm. Beattie, M.D., and Tweedy John Todd, M.D.

In the evening, the last of the pleasing and instructive conversations for the season was held: soon after nine o'clock Sir Henry Hallford, Bart., took the chair. On the various tables of the Hall were placed, through the kindness of Mr. Iliff, the whole of the plants in the materia medica at present in flower, about 40 or 50 in number. A paper was read on the origin of the late epidemic fever at Gibraltar. The inquiry embraced two points; the first was, how the disease originated: on this point the board that carried on the investigation came to the decision, that the disease had been imported by infection in a Swedish ship from Havannah. The next point of inquiry was a very important one, viz., whether a person can suffer an attack of this disease twice: the gentlemen who conducted this part of the inquiry consisted of thirteen, eleven of whom were decidedly of opinion, that one attack of the fever confers an immunity from a second, nearly if not altogether as great as in the small-pox: the name given to the disease was that of the yellow bulum, or black-vomit fever, well known in America and the West Indies. It ought to be observed, however, that from both of these opinions there were some dissentient voices; and they are only to be considered as those of the majority of both the boards. It seems that the College of Physicians was consulted by government in the year 1815, upon the point of the non-recurrence of this particular fever in the same individual; and that at that time the College gave a very cautious opinion: in fact the matter still appears to be involved in some uncertainty.

This being the concluding meeting of the season, it was very numerously attended, the spacious library being well filled; and we cannot help looking with satisfaction to these meetings as productive of the greatest benefit; one of their chief objects being, to bring the respectable portion of the medical practitioners of the metropolis, as well as the learned in general, together. The utility of such meetings was feelingly touched on by Dr. Hue in the Harveian Oration. The only donation of the evening was a New Zealander's head, in a good state of preservation, by Dr. Dunlap, illustrative of the practice of tattooing.

## PHRENOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

MONDAY, June 15th.—Joseph Moore, M.D. President, in the chair. A paper was read by

Thomas Alcock, Esq. on the various modes of taking admeasurements of the head for phrenological purposes; illustrated by numerous crania, drawings, and models of the brain. Mr. Hawkins also explained the use of his new craniometrical instrument, and exhibited an improved method of taking plaster-casts, whereby the unpleasant position of lying on the back may be avoided, the person sitting in an erect posture, and the distortion of the features, so generally seen in casts, being obviated. A cast of the head of Thomas Baker, an idiot, aged thirty-three years, was presented by Edward Lance, Esq. of Lewisham; in which the narrowness and retreating of the forehead shewed great deficiency of the anterior portion of the brain. A mask of Earl Grey was presented by Mr. Henry Behnes, and the development of the forehead was commented upon, as forming a striking contrast with the wretched organisation of the idiot. It was announced that thirty casts of the natives of various nations had been received from the Edinburgh Phrenological Society. The Society then adjourned until the first Monday in November.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, June 27th.—The following subjects are proposed for the Chancellor's prizes for the ensuing year, viz.

For Latin verse.—Tyrus.  
For an English essay.—The Character of Socrates, as described by his disciples Xenophon and Plato under the different points of view in which it is contemplated by each of them.

For a Latin essay.—Utrum apud Græcos an apud Romanos magna æcultia fuerit civilitas Selenita?  
Sir Roger Newdigate's prize for the best composition in English verse, not limited to fifty lines, by any Undergraduate who on the day above specified shall not have exceeded four years from the time of his matriculation.—The African Desert.

Theological prize, instituted June 2, 1825.—Whether the doctrine of One God, differing in his nature from all other beings, was held by any heathen nation, or sect of philosophers before the birth of Christ?

Thursday last the following degrees were conferred:  
Bachelor in Divinity.—The Rev. E. Jacob, late Fellow of C. C. C., President of King's College, New Brunswick.  
Bachelor in Medicine (with license to practice).—T. Davidson, Worcester College.

Masters of Arts.—D. V. Durell, Christ Church, Grand Compounder; Rev. D. S. Stone, Exeter College, Grand Compounder; J. Aldridge, Christ Church; W. Hodgson, Queen's College; Rev. T. Nixon, Lincoln College; Rev. J. A. Gower, Chaplain of Magdalen College; H. E. Freyer, Pembroke College; P. S. Carey, Rev. W. D. Johnston, St. John's College; Rev. P. J. Ferrers, Rev. R. Kilvert, Oriel College.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. Gray, Magdalen College, C. Sergeant, Brasenose College, H. W. Wiseman, Balliol College, Grand Compounders; A. Murray, Magdalen Hall; J. Procter, Brasenose College; W. C. Davies, Jesus College; J. H. Barker, Christ Church; R. W. P. Davies, Worcester College; T. S. Lightfoot, Exeter College; H. H. Way, E. C. Brown, Postmasters of Merton College; J. H. Ensell, Queen's College; H. B. Snook, Pembroke College; W. Nicholson, Trinity College.

In a convocation holden on Thursday, the Marquess of Bute, M.A. of Christ's College, Cambridge, was admitted ad eundem.

CAMBRIDGE, June 26th.—Sir William Browne's three medals for the present year have been awarded as follows: Greek Ode.—C. R. Kennedy, Trinity College.

Latin Ode.—Epigram.—C. Merivale, St. John's College.

The following are the respective subjects:

Greek Ode.—*ἄνθρωπος ἄνθρωπος ἐστὶν ἀνθρώπων*

Latin Ode.—*Canar, concubitus cohortes et Rubiconem*

*Amen, qui provincia ejus finis erat, paulum constitit.*

Greek Epigram.—*ἄνθρωπος ἄνθρωπος*

Latin Epigram.—*Splendid mundi.*

The Members' prizes of fifteen guineas each, to two Bachelors of Arts, for the encouragement of Latin prose composition, were on Saturday last adjudged to G. Langshaw, of St. John's College.—Subject, *An putandum sit*

*postea fore ut gentes Meridionales sub Septentrionalium*

*tribus iterum succumbant?*

Under-graduates.—N prize adjudged.

## IMPORTANT EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITY.

[All the literati of Europe are aware of the vast importance of the celebrated Rosetta Stone in the British Museum, as a key to the interpretation of those lost records which are veiled under the form of Egyptian hieroglyphics. It appears from the following com-

munication from Cairo, which has just reached us, that a memorial of a similar kind has been the subject of contention between the English and French collectors; and that the latter (by the means described) have become the possessors of this inscription, in which three languages are employed,—furnishing through the Greek a guide to the unknown enchorial and hieroglyphic. Mutilated and imperfect as it is, the *Mosque Stone* must possess great value; and we cannot but regret that it has been lost to England, through practices certainly not creditable to the parties concerned, and savouring more of the school of Napoleon than of the friendly and liberal relation in which we stand with the Bourbon government of France. We annex the statement precisely as it has come to our hands, leaving its facts to the consideration of the learned and scientific world; and its contradiction, if possible, to M. Champollion and Drovetti. When the perfect transcript arrives, we shall, if within the power of lithography, and the form of the *Literary Gazette*, give the fruits of our countryman's discovery first, as of right belongs to us, to the public.]

ADVICES from Mr. James Burton, dated Cairo, April 17th, state that the *Trilingual Stone* which he discovered in 1826, in the ruinous part of a mosque, has been given to the French, after having been refused repeatedly to the urgent applications of Mr. Salt, Mr. Barker, and Colonel Cradock, made on behalf, and at the desire, of the English government. The reason assigned for these refusals has always been the sanctity of the place in which the stone was placed; but after reading the letter of Colonel Cradock to M. Abou, dated March 1st, 1828, it is difficult to suppose this the real ground. Mr. Burton has uniformly believed that the true cause of failure was the jealous interference of a French party; and, never despairing of eventual success, he kept till lately as secret as possible the knowledge of the spot in which his discovery took place. On the arrival of M. Champollion in Egypt, however, his respect for so distinguished a writer induced him to lay aside, in regard to him, this cautious demeanour: at the request of Lord Prudhoe he conducted him to the mosque, and gave him an opportunity of examining the Stone, which he did with apparent indifference. Soon afterwards, M. Linant, a French artist, formerly in the employment of Mr. Bankes, and subsequently of the African Society, received a letter from M. Drovetti, the French consul, written at the instigation of M. Champollion, inviting him to assist them in their endeavours to prevent this tablet from falling, as the Rosetta tablet had done, into the hands of the English, and to secure it for his own country. M. Linant, indignant at this proposal, being aware that, by the custom of the country, the discoverer of any article of antiquity became the proprietor, communicated it immediately to Mr. Burton. An interview took place in consequence between Mr. B. and M. Drovetti, in which the latter stated, that if the prior claim could be got rid of, such was the influence which he (Drovetti) had over Ibrahim Pasha, the stone would no doubt be granted to him; he earnestly requested, therefore, that Mr. Burton would waive his claim, assuring him, that if it was so granted, the stone should immediately come to him *par amour*. This Mr. Burton declined; saying that, independently of personal considerations, he had a duty to perform to the English government. M. Drovetti then begged to be made acquainted with the site of the stone—a request which was not complied with. After this interview Mr. Burton considered it expedient that a new application should be made to the viceroy; but it was made too late. Ibrahim Pasha, ignorant of all that had taken place upon the subject, had already conceded the stone, off-hand, to M. Drovetti. On receiving this intelligence, Mr. Burton, at all risks, had the stone taken up and deposited at the English consulate, where

it remained two days undiscovered, during which time he was assiduously employed in copying off the inscriptions. The stone was then demanded and delivered up; for the Pasha, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Mr. Barker, confirmed the grant—directing, however, at the same time, in consideration of the circumstances of the case, that Mr. Burton should be allowed the use of the stone four days longer, before it finally passed into the possession of M. Drovetti. The value of the object could not be ascertained before it was taken up, and turns out to be less than was anticipated; for it is only a fragment one-half its original size. On it is represented a procession in bas-relief—beneath this there are twenty-nine or thirty lines of hieroglyphic characters, twenty-seven of enchorial, and seventy-four of Greek; but from the mutilation just mentioned, there remains only the half of every line: add to this, that many of the characters are effaced—some can be determined only by being of a lighter shade when wet than the smooth-worn surface, or by getting the light to fall upon them in a particular direction.

Notwithstanding the short period of time allowed, and the difficulty of the task, Mr. Burton has, with the assistance of Mr. Wilkinson, succeeded in making a copy of all the inscriptions, and has since lithographed the Greek and hieroglyphic part. Two impressions of these have been received: they were sent off in haste, before the enchorial part, which is the least injured, could be got ready; but this will follow shortly, together with a larger copy of the whole tablet, and a cast of it in plaster. The subject seems to refer to the daughter of Auletes: the name of Berenice occurs in the hieroglyphics.

*Society of the Bulletin Universel, for the Diffusion of Knowledge in the Arts and Sciences.*

SOMEWHAT more than five years ago, a periodical publication was commenced at Paris, under the title of "*Bulletin Universel des Sciences et de l'Industrie*;" the objects of which were,—“to create a sure medium of correspondence, and establish a mutual and rapid exchange of communications and discoveries among all the promoters of the arts and sciences; to bring into common use in the republic of letters, all the facts, the useful truths, the celebrated names and titles of national glory, which had hitherto circulated with such difficulty beyond the narrow limits of their particular circles over the civilised world; to notice each new discovery on its appearance, every practical application made by genius or patient observation; and to enable all men of science, as well as society at large, to profit by them; to announce on their appearance all the new works that have any interest for the arts and sciences, and thereby to supply the bookseller with a means of sale hitherto denied to him; to diffuse over all countries the particular lights of each; to scatter every where the seeds of prosperity, order, and peace—blessings that are created and diffused by the arts and sciences; to establish by these means a common bond of feeling and interests among the enlightened men of all nations; to excite the efforts of the human mind by the periodical view of the progress it has already made, and ought still to attempt, in every branch of knowledge; to aid the general progress by ever holding up sound principles and the maxims of science to such as depart from them; to form an undisputed, impartial, and constant

repertory, without regard to country, party, or system; to respect all social arrangements, and entirely to discard all reference to the speculations or movements of politics.”

For the purpose of accommodating the various classes of readers, the work was divided into eight sections; viz. 1. Mathematical and Physical Sciences, and Chemistry; 2. Natural History and Geology; 3. Medical Sciences; 4. Agriculture, Horticulture, Fishing, and Hunting; 5. Technology; 6. Geography, Statistics, Political Economy, and Voyages and Travels; 7. History, Antiquities, and Philology; and 8. Art of War. Each section was placed under a distinct editor, assisted by numerous colleagues; and the whole work under the direction of the Baron de Férussac.

It is evident that the organisation of so multifarious a publication must have been attended with difficulties of no ordinary magnitude:—“an extensive correspondence was to be opened up with the learned societies, and the principal individuals of each country who protect and encourage public opinion; a knowledge of all the periodical works that are published was to be obtained; it was necessary to find the means of collecting them, in order afterwards to present their substance to the public in a regular and complete manner; to accustom authors and editors to transmit their works for announcement; and, above all, to unite in the service of the '*Bulletin*,' a number of zealous *collaborateurs*, versed in every branch of science and the useful arts, and who, possessing the necessary knowledge, might be able to peruse such a vast mass of materials in both the living and the dead languages. It was also necessary to accustom their numerous and distinguished correspondents (differing so in character and feelings) to a uniform tone of wisdom and discretion; to maintain their disinterested zeal and indispensable activity in accomplishing the monthly analysis of nearly fourteen hundred works or memoirs, and the periodical and regular publication of eight distinct collections, forming each month a volume in octavo, of from six hundred to seven hundred pages.”

M. de Férussac, in an address to the public, states, that, by diligence and perseverance, the obstacles which presented themselves to the progress and success of the "*Bulletin*" had been overcome; but that he, and those who were associated with him in the undertaking, in order to give it the means of improvement, extension, and permanence, became anxious to raise it to the importance of an institution, and to place it under the protection of a Society of men of all countries, “distinguished for their rank, talents, and fortune; their elevation of character, and their love for the arts and sciences.” Of that Society, which was last year established by royal charter, the Dauphin graciously condescended to become the patron; and it already boasts among its members many of the most eminent names in France. The Baron de Férussac is at present in this country; with a view of obtaining the co-operation of our learned Societies, as well as of the private friends of science and the useful arts; and we strongly recommend to our readers the perusal of the various tracts which he is circulating on the subject; especially his exceedingly able and interesting “*Discours prononcé à la séance annuelle de la Société créée pour la propagation des connaissances scientifiques et industrielles, le 1<sup>er</sup> Mai, 1829.*”

ROYAL SOCIETY.

MAY 29, 1829.—A paper was read on the Nerves of the Face; being a second paper



on that subject, by Charles Bell, Esq. After recapitulating the contents of his former paper, the author cited cases which have occurred since its publication in support of his doctrine: 1st. That the sensibility of the head and face depends on the fifth pair of nerves; 2dly. That the muscular branches of that pair are subservient to mastication; and 3dly. That the *portio dura* of the seventh pair controls those motions of the parts of the face, whether voluntary or involuntary, which are connected with respiration. Instances are given of lesions of the *portio dura*, from accident or from disease, followed by paralysis of the muscles on the same side of the face, while the sensibility remained. On the other hand, cases are related of injury to the fifth pair being attended with loss of sensibility in all the parts receiving branches from the injured nerve, while the power of motion continued unimpaired. In one case of this description, where one half of the under lip had become insensible, on a tumbler being applied to the mouth, the patient imagined it was a broken glass that he touched. A similar delusion was experienced by another patient, in whom the half of the upper lip had been deprived of sensation by an injury to the suborbital branch on the same side. From these facts the author deduces the absurdity of the practice of cutting the *portio dura* for the relief of tic douloureux. He next enters into an anatomical description of the course of that division of the fifth pair of nerves which is unconnected with the Gasserian ganglion, and passes under it, and which he considers the motor or manducatory portion of the fifth, being distributed to the temporal, masseter, pterygoid, and buccinator muscles: some branches of it supplying the muscles of the lips, and also the mylo-hyoideus and anterior belly of the digastricus, the action of which is to repress the jaw. In proof that this nerve is destined to manducation, the root of the fifth pair in an ass being exposed and irritated, the jaws closed with a snap; and, on its being divided, the jaw fell relaxed and powerless. The author next endeavours to shew the necessity of an accordance between the motions of the lower jaw and those of the cheeks during mastication, and the probability that this connexion of motions is brought about by means of the connexions which exist among their respective nerves, and between which a sympathy may in consequence be established. In one case violent spasms took place in the masseter and temporal muscles, while the motions of the features were free and unconstrained; and in another the muscles of the jaw on one side were paralysed, with loss of sensibility on that side of the face. On the other hand, when the *portio dura* was paralysed, all the muscles of the face waste, except those supplied by the fifth pair.\*

## FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.  
[Eighty notice; conclusion.]

No. 1171. *A Monument*, in marble. E. H. Baily, R.A.—We presume that this monument is to be placed in an elevated situation; in which case the simple elegance of the attitude, and the gentle appeal of the action, will appear to great advantage.

No. 1160. *The Rape of Proserpine*. W. Pitts.—Mr. Pitt's extraordinary performance last

year, "The Shield of Æneas," cannot be obliterated from the memory of those who saw it. His present work is thrust into a corner, in which, whatever may be its merits (and we have no doubt they are great), those merits are scarcely distinguishable.

No. 1200. *Girl with a Fawn, a group in marble*. R. Westmacott, jun.—A very animated and pleasing performance.

No. 1219. *Boy and Tortoise, in marble*. R. W. Sievier.—At once playful and elegant.

No. 1162. *A monumental Figure, to be executed in marble*. T. Denman.—This is a well-designed and very appropriate figure.

No. 1221. *A marble Column to receive a Sundial, to be erected by public subscription in the Dant John Field, Canterbury*. H. Weekes.—We like the design and character of this column, and hope that its situation may be such as to secure it from the hand of the spoiler. Were such an ornament in any approachable spot in or about London, it would not remain an hour undefaced; otherwise, good sense and good taste could not suggest anything better than that our places of public resort should thus afford suitable employment for the taste and talent of the sculptor.

No. 140. *Model for a bronze Equestrian Statue of his late Royal Highness the Duke of York*. C. Garrard.—In this model the artist has shewn both judgment and courage in departing from the common-place character and costume of what is called the "classical." He has given a very easy and natural grace to the figure of his Royal Highness.

The busts in the Sculpture-room, like the portraits above stairs, derive a considerable portion of their attraction from the character and importance of the individuals whom they represent, as well as from the talents and reputation of the artists by whom they have been wrought; and are seldom subjects for particular remark, except when some striking expression, or beauty of feature, rivets the attention of the spectator. Such exceptions, for instance, are No. 1214, *Marble bust of Lady Elizabeth Gower*, and No. 1216, *Marble bust of H. R. H. the Princess Victoria*; both by W. Behnes. These effigies of innocence and loveliness would be contemplated with delight, under whatever name, or in whatever circumstances, they might appear. They are very advantageously placed by the side of the manly bust of H. R. H. the Duke of Cumberland, No. 1215, by the same artist. Among other busts, interesting in themselves, and of admirable execution, are No. 1205, *Marble bust of Donna Maria II. Queen of Portugal*, P. Turnerelli; No. 1182, *Marble bust of H. R. H. Prince George*, W. Behnes; No. 1203, *Bust of the Marquess of Stafford*, F. Chantrey, R.A.; No. 1183, *Marble bust of Lord Holland*, J. Francis; No. 1193, *Marble bust of the late Thomas Rawson, Esq. of Sheffield*, E. Law; No. 1194, *Bust in marble of Armour Donkin, Esq.*, E. H. Baily, R.A.; No. 1195, *Bust in marble of Sir Richard Carr Glyn*, E. H. Baily, R.A.; No. 1176, *Marble bust of the Countess of Sheffield*, R. W. Sievier; No. 1177, *Bust of Admiral Sir Sydney Smith*, K.C.B. G.C.B. &c. R. Westmacott, jun.; and Nos. 1159, and 1165, *Marble busts of Sir Astley and Lady Cooper*, Bienaimé.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Illustrations of Natural History*. Conducted by J. Le Keux, who, with R. Sands, will execute the Engravings. Part I. Longman and Co., Jennings, Rodwell, &c.

A WORK calculated to diffuse, in a cheap form,

much useful and entertaining knowledge. The present Number contains six plates, representing twelve varieties of the horse. A Number will be published every two months; and there is an octavo edition of the work, with half the number of plates, which will be published monthly. As a specimen of the style of the descriptions, we quote the following curious anecdote:

"A nobleman, in the early part of the reign of Louis XV., having a very vicious horse, which none of the grooms or servants would ride,—several of them having been thrown, and one killed,—asked leave of his majesty to have him turned loose into the menagerie, against one of the largest lions. The king readily consented, and the animal, on a certain day, was conducted there [thither]. Soon after the arrival of the horse, the door of the den was drawn up, and the lion, with great state and majesty, marched slowly to the mouth of it, when, seeing his antagonist, he set up a tremendous roar. The horse immediately started and fell back; his ears were erected, his mane was raised, his eyes sparkled, and something like a general convulsion seemed to agitate his whole frame. After the first emotions of fear had subsided, the horse retired to a corner of the menagerie, where, having directed his heels towards the lion, and having reared his head over his left shoulder, he watched with extreme eagerness the motions of his enemy. The lion, who presently quitted the den, sidled about for more than a minute, as if meditating the mode of attack, when, having sufficiently prepared himself for the combat, he made a sudden spring at the horse, which defended itself by striking his adversary a most violent blow on the chest. The lion instantly retreated, groaned, and seemed for several minutes inclined to give up the contest, when, recovering from the painful effects of the blow, he returned to the charge with unabated violence. The mode of preparation for this second attack was the same as the first. He sidled from one side of the menagerie to the other for a considerable time, seeking a favourable opportunity to seize his prey; during all which time the horse still preserved the same posture, and still kept his head erect and turned over his shoulder. The lion at length gave a second spring, with all the strength and velocity he could exercise, when the horse caught him with his hoof on the under jaw, which he fractured. Having sustained a second and more severe repulse than the former, the lion retreated to his den as well as he was able, apparently in the greatest agony, moaning all the way in a most lamentable manner. The horse was soon obliged to be shot, as no one ever dared to approach the ground where he was kept."

## SCULPTURE: MR. LOUGH.

WE have again been most highly delighted by a view of the works, in progress, by this extraordinary artist, whose earliest efforts excited so much of wonder and admiration. His great promise is now being more than realised. A group of twelve warriors contending for a standard is one of the boldest and noblest productions that ever the art of sculpture attempted, and worthy of the proudest epoch of ancient Greece. Man and horse mingled in mortal struggle, evince conceptions, powers, combinations, and genius, of the most splendid order. This work is for the Duke of Northumberland, the model about half the life-size,—and the effect so truly spirited and grand that words can convey no notion of its vigour.

\* Although our reports have not appeared always in strict chronological order, yet, at the close of the season, we may mention that the series is complete.

Mr. Lough's *attelier* also boasts of productions of another description: a monument to Bishop Middleton, for St. Paul's, representing that distinguished prelate in the Christian act of confirming two Hindoos; and a Cupid singing to the lyre,—shew that he can master and be equally successful with the calm and the poetical, as with the stormy and heroic. We advise the lovers of native talent to see these works.

#### ORIGINAL POETRY. DREAMS OF THEE.

MIDNIGHT!—the stars are bright,  
And the pale moon shines coldly pure in heaven,  
And the thin vapoury clouds, tinged by her light,  
Like passing thoughts across her face are driven.  
Midnight! the hour for rest—  
The time, the dearest of all times to me,  
When cometh slumber o'er my fevered breast,  
And I can dream—ay, fondly dream of thee.

Yes—it is all of joy  
Left to my blighted heart and burning brain—  
The one pure pleasure that can never cloy—  
The rainbow that my clouds of life sustain.  
I wander all the day,  
Like something scarcely of reality,  
Careless of what I do or what I say,  
And looking forward to my dreams of thee.

Ay—nought but dreams are mine:  
I touch thy living hand, and dare not press it;  
I gaze upon that deep blue eye of thine,  
And my heart longs—my lips refuse—to bless it.  
'Tis only in my sleep  
I look upon thee firm, my heart quakes free,  
And pour in burning words my passion deep:  
—I would not lose for worlds my dreams of thee.

The day and night seem changed:  
I think of trees, and flowers, and falling streams,  
As things from which my spirit is estranged,  
As once, in happier years, I thought of dreams.  
My visions, like intense  
And vivid truths, my slumbering eye can see;  
And when a trance is on each outward sense,  
My soul awakens in its dreams of thee.

And various are the forms  
My thoughts assume in that deep solemn hour:  
Sometimes thou lookst on me in clouds and storms,  
And sometimes as a soft and gentle power:  
But be they as they will,  
Thou the one fond idea still must be—  
Like sun-light over changeful clouds, thou still  
Art light and glory in my dreams of thee.

Yet let me still dream on,  
And in the realms of fantasy be blest,  
And feel at morn, when the enchantment's gone,  
'Tis my excited spirit's turn to rest.  
And when the slumber deep  
Of death at last is falling upon me,  
I'll only mourn because a dreamless sleep  
It is, and I shall cease to dream of thee!

MARY ANN BROWNE.

#### MUSIC.

INVENTION OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.  
"This is the patent age for new inventions."—*Byron*.  
OUR No. 648, recorded the inventions of two new musical instruments recently produced on the continent. The one is termed a "trumpet-flute," invented by a Signor Canzi of Naples; and the other an immense bass, which requires its bow to be moved by machinery, lately produced at Milan. We have since seen a plan of a double bass of extraordinary dimensions, the

invention of an English gentleman, Mr. D. C. Hewitt, author of a truly interesting and erudite work\* recently published upon the theory of music. From all we can collect from the description of both instruments, the bass of Mr. Hewitt possesses many advantages over that produced by the Milanese inventor. The particulars of this instrument are as follows:—That it is to be played on by means of keys; and that two parts may be performed at the same time, one by the right hand, and the other by the left. That it is to possess but four strings, of extraordinary length and thickness; and that the lowest note of each string is to be C on the ninth ledger line below the bass staff;† that is, *twenty-one* semitones below the lowest note on the double-bass now in use. That the motion of the bow is to be communicated by means of machinery connected with two pedals for the feet; but that the action of the bow upon the string will depend upon the pressure of the finger upon the key. That when both hands are employed upon the keys, all four strings will be acted on at the same time. That the *quality* of the tone produced by the action of the right hand will differ from that produced by the left. That it will admit of any desirable degree of execution, and far beyond that of the double bass. That though two parts, or melodies, can be only produced at the same time, the effect of a full harmony may be obtained by taking the notes of chords in succession in the way of arpeggios, as must be evident to every musician. And finally, that the instrument will be extremely elegant and magnificent in its structure and appearance.

We can, however, hardly make this invention intelligible without a model or drawing of the instrument; and we could wish the ingenious projector of it were patronised as his great musical skill deserves, so as to enable him to bring it and other valuable designs to perfection.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Lays and Legends of the Rhine*. The Poetry by J. R. Planché; the Music by H. Bishop. Vol. III.

This volume, like its predecessors, is indeed a very interesting work. All the songs are beautiful and characteristic, and we especially admire the "Pilgrims," the "Serenade," and the "Drinking Song of the Men of Basle," which latter is particularly spirited and sweet. We shall take an opportunity of further illustrating these very favourable opinions.

#### DRAMA.

##### HAYMARKET THEATRE.

A GREAT hit was made here by a lively one-act piece on Wednesday, called *Manœuvring*: it is from the French, and most cleverly adapted; being smart in dialogue, good in situation, and amusing and humorous throughout. It was, besides, capital acted; and is just "the sort of thing" for a pleasant little summer theatre.

##### ENGLISH OPERA.

THIS popular establishment commenced its summer season on Saturday last, with the English version of *Così fan Tutte*, a new one-act piece by Peake, and the operetta of *The Quartette*. The opera introduced to an English audience Mde. Cellini—that is, as an

\* New Analysis of Music, susceptible of rigid mathematical demonstration.

† From this the compass will extend thirty-six semitones upwards, to C on the second space in the bass.

actress, the lady having sung at the oratorios, and made a favourable impression. She has a great deal to learn before she can be called an actress; but we think there are the capabilities; and, possessing a pleasing person, a good voice, and a fair proportion of science, she cannot fail to be a useful member of the company. The other characters were supported as usual, and with undiminished effect. The new piece, we suspect, is but a re-cast of one by the same author, called *My own Man*, and produced some seasons back at Covent Garden, in which we remember distinguishing Keeley's capers as a danso-maniacal hair-dresser. It is much better in its altered state; and if Mr. Peake must borrow, he can scarcely find any body's materials more laughable than his own. Mrs. Keeley, late Miss Goward, played and sang to admiration; and was received with enthusiastic plaudits upon her entrance, being her first public appearance in a matrimonial character. The tribute was as honourable to the feelings of the audience as to the merits of the lady. May the days of the worthy and comical little pair pass as merrily as they have so frequently made our evenings do! We are sure they will be perfectly satisfied.

A new melodrama by Mr. Baynim, called *The Sister of Charity*, was produced on Thursday evening with success. Miss Kelly made her first appearance this season, as *St. Ursula*, the *Sister of Charity*; and by her magnificent acting insured its triumph. We are glad to perceive that clever actress Mrs. C. Jones at this theatre. She is a valuable acquisition.

#### VARIETIES.

*Machine for distorted Spine*.—We have upon our table an etching of the above, invented by Mr. Hare, a surgeon of Leeds. By means of straps and weights, any curvature of the spine is gradually diminished; and, as far as we are acquainted with inventions of this kind, we are not aware of any one more likely to produce good effects. Certainly not one where the patient could enjoy so much comfort, from having the power of relieving himself *ad libitum* from constraint and pressure.

*Expedition: Captain Ross*.—We are sorry to learn that an *explosion* and a *mutiny* took place on board Captain Ross's steamer, the *Victory*. The machinery, we understand, got out of order, and the engineer was so severely hurt by the "explosion," that he has lost his leg. Ross, in consequence of this accident, put into Loch Ryan, (not far from Port Patrick, on the western coast of Scotland), and we presume had the machinery made good by workmen from Glasgow, as the vessel sailed again for the polar regions on the 15th of June. The "mutiny" was nothing worse, we are informed, than the disorder of half-a-dozen of the crew going ashore and getting drunk.

*Horticultural Fête*.—Horticultural fêtes do not suit our English gardens and climate; and nothing could be more incongenial than the experiment of Saturday. Rain throughout, plashy grass meadows, gravel and mud walks above ankle deep, tents dripping, and too few to shelter the company from the pitiless weather; a rather inferior order of visitors, but these exceedingly well wet; a scramble for provisions (though there was plenty); a fight for carriages; and a general experience of utter discomfort, promising diseases and death to many of the fair sufferers,—were the pleasures of this unfortunate day. We presume the

failure will preclude such attempts in future, and that the space within four walls will be preferred to such absurd speculations, which, however productive they may be made to the Society (by such means as we referred to in our last), ought not to be persevered in at the public expense, and when found to be so prejudicial to the health and safety of its best friends.

**Fossil Remains.**—M. Destrem, on exploring the fossil remains found in the caves of Bire, states, that he met with human bones in these caves, but that they were in different strata from that which contains true fossil remains.

**The handsome Assassin.**—In the most turbulent period of the French revolution, one of the most fashionable men in Paris was a M. de Ribbing, who was generally known only by the name of "the handsome assassin;" because it was believed that he had been one of the murderers of the unfortunate King of Sweden. At a time when all kings were regarded as tyrants, to destroy them was, in the eyes of the republicans, the noblest action of man. M. de Ribbing accordingly was received with eagerness into the most distinguished circles, the ladies especially disputed the honour of pleasing him; and he appeared on the public walks, at the theatres, &c. always under the title of "the handsome assassin."—*Mémoires sur Joséphine*, tome iii.

**Greece.**—Extract of a letter from a member of the scientific commission sent to the Morea, dated Egina, 25th of April:—"On board a Greek bark I entered the Pireus, and from thence reached Athens. My object was to ascertain the state of the ancient monuments since the place has been each day more closely invested. I have the satisfaction to announce that, in general, they have suffered very little. The Temple of Theseus has completely resisted the cannon balls. It appears that the greater part of these monuments had been isolated from the modern erection, by the Franks before their departure; and this it is which has saved them,—for the city is now only a heap of ruins: among which may be seen a few palm-trees, and the temples of the ancient Greeks. I found it impossible to penetrate to the Acropolis. The Parthenon still presents some admirable masses; but I was unable to ascertain minutely the injuries it has sustained."

**Curious Statistics.**—A French doctor, Falret, has recently received a prize from the Paris Academy of Sciences for a statistical table of suicides, &c. in the French capital. The doctor, in the course of his work, states, that among men the greatest number of suicides is between the ages of thirty-five and forty-five; and among women, between twenty-five and thirty-five; but that there are twice as many suicides among young girls under fifteen years of age as among boys of the same age. He calculates, that the influence of disappointed love, and of jealousy, is in the proportion of 2½ among women to 1 in men; that reverses of fortune produce as 3 in men to 1 in women; and that the influence of baffled ambition is as 5 to 1. Actual misery, however, is stated to have an equal effect on both sexes. Alluding to the number of deaths by apoplexy, the doctor estimates that they were in Paris from 1794 to 1804, 399; from 1804 to 1814, 979; and from 1814 to 1824, 919. There are nearly three times more apoplexies among men than women.

**Vaccination.**—M. Numan, a veterinary surgeon at Utrecht, has recently made several experiments with the vaccine matter upon the following animals—the cow, the bull, the horse,

the ass, the camel, the goat, the sheep, the pig, the ape, the dog, and the rabbit. He states, as the result of these, that the vaccine virus taken from man reproduces the original effect when applied to the cow and the bull; but that the action of the virus so applied to these animals is only for a single time: on the horse and the ass it produces pustules; and when applied from them to the cow, its action is more intense than that of the primitive virus. The camel receives it easily by inoculation; but when taken again from the camel and applied to the cow, it produces little effect;—applied, however, from that animal to the goat it is quite efficacious; but both the goat and the camel are susceptible of its effects only once. The sheep does not yield readily to its influence; and the virus from this animal has no effect upon any other: on the ape the effect is nearly the same as upon man. The pig may be vaccinated, but the virus cannot be subsequently propagated. The dog is more difficult than the sheep; and the rabbit is quite inaccessible to the influence of the vaccine matter.

**Laurel.**—The butchers of Geneva have a singular mode of preventing flies from attacking the meat in their shops. They rub the walls and boards upon which the meat is placed with the essential oil of laurel; the smell of which keeps away this troublesome insect.

**A Wonderful Hog.**—On the authority of a professor of physiology, it is gravely stated in the Italian Anthology, printed at Florence, that a hog was some time ago killed in the neighbourhood of Bologna, on one of the intestines of which the words "lanza guida da," in black and permanent characters, were distinctly visible!

**The Cat.**—The publication has been gravely announced at Paris, of a "Treatise *raisonnée* on the education of the domestic cat, preceded by its philosophical and political history, and followed by the treatment of its disorders"! The name of the author is very characteristic—**M. RATON.**

A countryman in one of the western states, with a load of meal, drove up to a lady's door, when the following brief conversation took place:—"Do you want to buy any meal?" "What do you ask for a bushel?" "Ten cents, ma'am; prime!" "Oh! I can get it for a fig." (In a despairing voice) "*Dear lady!* will you take a bushel for nothing?" "Is it sifted?"—*American Paper.*

**Odes upon Corns.**—In reviewing Moore's "Odes upon Cash, Corn, Catholics, &c.," a Parisian journal prints the title, "Odes upon Cash, Corns, Catholics, &c."

**The Week.**—The King has graciously been pleased to place two gold medals, of the value of twenty-five guineas each, at the annual disposal of the Royal Asiatic Society.—*Swan River Settlement:* By letters from the Cape, it appears that Captain Stirling, with the expedition for settling on the Swan River, was, all well, at the Cape of Good Hope at the end of April.—*Commodore Owen* has gone to Fernando Po from Sierra Leone: we believe the gallant and able officer will shortly return home.—*Thames Tunnel:* The result of a meeting of the parties interested in this undertaking, on Tuesday, seems to be, that a Mr. Vignollès will be employed to complete the work, instead of the original projector of it, Mr. Brunel. Mr. V., it appears, has proposed to execute it at far less expense; and hopes are entertained that government will consequently advance the needful funds.—We warned Malibran not to be so violent in her action; if she had

taken our advice, she would not, in the gentle Romeo, have thrown herself down so recklessly as to break her elbow, and be unable to sing for a week! Why is sound criticism disregarded in this fashion?—There is, we hear, another distribution of premiums at the London University on Thursday: the last, which was very interesting, related to the *medical* classes only—the next is *general*.—Apropos: we have seen the letter in the *Times* about our puffing Mr. Williams, and being unfriendly to the London University; but we have not time to notice such silly stuff. As for puffing, we should like to see the party who could manage to get a syllable of undue praise into the *Literary Gazette* (for they must be confoundedly 'cute); and as for the London University, though not in long articles, which its own publicity rendered needless, it has always had our ready and cordial support.

#### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

**Heraldry: Antiquities.**—A proposal has been issued for publishing "the Scrope and Grosvenor Roll;—the Proceedings in the Cause between Sir Richard Le Scrope and Sir Robert Grosvenor," in the reign of Richard the Second. This cause, relative to the coat armour of the parties above named, so remarkable in the annals of heraldry, lasted four years, and was tried before the lord high constable. The record abounds in valuable illustrations of history, and throws a strong light on the general state of society in the fourteenth century. Upwards of three hundred persons were examined on the question, who were either peers, bannerets, knights, or esquires, or abbots, priors, or other clergy; and as each of the peers, knights, and esquires, deposes to his age, the battle or siege at which he commenced his military career, the number of years, and the occasions on which he had borne arms, and to circumstances connected with his services or the services of his ancestors; and as the clergy allude to manuscripts and monuments in their respective abbeys and churches,—this trial is rich beyond example in historical, biographical, and topographical facts. It is intended to print the Roll in one volume, to be illustrated by an Historical Preface and Notes by Mr. Nicolas; and a subscription of five guineas from sixty persons was called for, in order to set the work in motion and insure its completion—which number was speedily filled up by distinguished literary subscribers. Convinced of its curious matter, as well as its great interest and importance, from the parts we have read, we cordially recommend this design to the public.

**The Loseley Papers:** a collection of original Letters and other MS. documents, chiefly of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, preserved at the ancient seat of the More family at Loseley, in Surrey; edited, with connective and incidental notes, is announced by that valuable contributor to our ancient lore, Mr. A. J. Kersey. This work contains curious documents relative to the period of Henry VIII.

Mr. E. H. Barker, editor of the English edition of Professor Anthon's improved *Lemprière*, announces his intention to reprint in Paris, at stated periods, Dr. Webster's *American Dictionary of the English Language*.

Mrs. Heber is occupied in arranging the Correspondence of the late Bishop of Calcutta for publication, interspersed with Memoirs of his Life.

**In the Press.**—The second volume of Lieut.-Col. Napier's *History of the War in the Peninsula*.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are much obliged to Shentez: his communications are extremely welcome.

To G. D. "no"—but not without thanks. We cannot, on the instant, lay our hands on C. L.'s farewell. It is contrary to our rule to publish such a paper as that on the Grecian temple at Exmouth.

**Coquila and Cocoa-Nut Ornaments.**—Our old client, Coniglio, reminds us, in a letter which would do equal honour to English and Italian literature, that we promised further to patronise his very cheap and pretty ornaments. His trial certainly lies in a nut-shell, and we cannot disappoint such a correspondent; therefore, ladies, before you leave town, we, as lovers of the embellishing and inventive arts, advise you to lay in as much of the nut-work as will render the country tolerable.



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